



Special Features This Issue
“Annual Arey’s Pond Cat Gathering”
“Holiday in a Vacation” – “Boat Building Principles”

messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 24 – Number 14

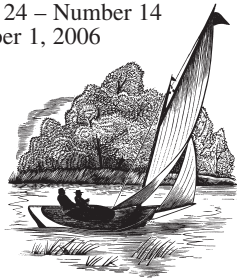
December 1, 2006



messing about in BOATS

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Putting together this issue I dipped into the archives for several feature articles. "Holiday in a Vacation," "Why Not?," "Boat Building Principles," and "Them Days are Gone Forever" are reprints from long gone periodicals. While I happen to really enjoy the old timey writing about messing about in boats, I made these choices for this issue because I was short of current stories from readers.

This typically happens because summertime is not when those so inclined sit down to write up their adventures or projects or dream designs or how I did it tales, they are out on the water enjoying the season. The inventory of contemporary tales we carry over from the previous winter's backlog is drawn down over the summer and the pinch arrives in the fall. This December 1 issue was produced during the last half of October to go to press on November 1.

Back in the spring of 1959 when I launched my first effort at magazine publishing, concern was expressed by some potential subscribers that I might run out of stories to publish before their full subscription term had been fulfilled. Well, it never happened over 24 years of motorcycling publications and 24 years to date of *MAIB*. It isn't likely to happen now either as I can always hustle around and find subjects that pretty much fit our niche.

But the real heart of this magazine has become the stories you contribute. I cannot conjure up the variety of experiences you collectively can share with us all. It isn't that I am too lazy to go out and find news, there is no way I could ever get around to personally meet all of you who contribute to even a single issue and write up your stories. Nor can I afford to pay for stories from professional writers. Even if I could, these would lack the basic human interest that first-hand storytelling is based upon.

So, now that the winter indoor season (for most of us) is upon us I again encourage those of you with stories to tell to write them up and send them off to me to be shared with our 4,000 readers. I do not try to specify "style" or "word count" or topic. As long as the subject is germane to messing about in boats, just tell us your story in your own words in your own way, with the number of words it seems to require.

If you are concerned about the format in which to send them along, I can handle about

any method from handwritten on yellow lined paper to emails to my daughter. The best method, for those of you writing on a computer, is to put it on a CD, along with any photo JPGs, and mail it directly to me. Or a clear hard copy printout is just as easy for me to process with my scanner as getting a CD if the latter is not your preference.

Whichever electronic way in which you choose to submit you material, please include a hard copy printout of the text as I find that sometimes my Mac interprets the CD incorrectly, especially with numbers (fractions are really bad). I don't know why it does this but it does. In the case of emailed material, when I get it from my daughter on a Zip disc I sometimes find mysterious numbers not subject, as are words, to accurate interpretation from context. Without any hard copy to refer to, I end up calling you to find out what the correct text is.

Email is no time saver for me, by the time it gets to me (several days usually) it would have arrived by regular mail. If it suits your preferences to use it, it's okay with me. And I really do not mind typesetting a handwritten text as long as the handwriting is legible. In sum, I'm interested in what you have to say, regardless of the format in which you choose to submit it.

Deadlines? There are none. We publish twice a month and seldom is there a time sensitive subject that would require it to meet a deadline. If you choose to send along a report of an event, it is preferable that I have it in hand, given our lead time, within a week or two following the occasion, even then it could be up to two months after the date before readers get to see it. I don't think this matters, our pace is not hectic. Like our boats, this magazine just meanders along enjoying the journey through your experiences.

A number of readers comment on their renewal orders about "our" magazine. Their feeling of possessiveness is based on their collective participation. It's the sharing that matters, the feeling of, as they say today, "community." *Messing About in Boats* is the only small boat publication that provides this, it's sort of a large scale newsletter reaching several thousand like-minded small boaters rather than a few dozen. I look forward to more of your stories as winter closes in. They really brighten the daily mail here.

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On the Cover...

The annual fall gathering of catboats at Arey's Pond Boatyard on Cape Cod attracted a record 90 boats this fall and Barry Donahue caught the action on film for a feature article in this issue.

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You write to us about...

Information of Interest...

Nostalgia

Your Commentary on "nostalgia" in the August 1 issue calls to mind the Greek origins of the word: "nostos" meaning a "homecoming," and "algia," a "longing." The Greeks were seafarers. They were mostly coastal sailors roaming widely around the Mediterranean, fearful of the dangers waiting beyond the Pillars of Hercules (Gibraltar). Nonetheless, they were often away from their Greek homeland for extended periods and, like sailors everywhere and always, longed for homecoming. You remark, "This whole game of messing about in boats is really rooted in nostalgia for simpler times and their artifacts." Indeed, the roots reach back to the ancient Greeks and their connections to the sea.

George Frode, Hingham, MA

More to Short Ditty

As I recall, "A Short Ditty" in the October 1 issue "You write..." should have a bit more:

"If you see she will not clear,
Blame the cursed engineer!"

Ed Hawkes, Marblehead, MA

Information of Interest...

Searching for an Executive Director

Over the last few years the Maine Island Trail Association has substantially increased its number of islands and grown the length of the Trail; additionally MITA has inaugurated new programs to meet increased responsibilities. Now we are augmenting our leadership team in Portland to better support our expanded operations.

Toward that end, we are beginning a search for an experienced Executive Director who will add vision and help lead MITA into its third decade of stewardship and access management along the Maine coast.

After 17 truly wonderful years with MITA, first as the Trailkeeper, then as Executive Director, I am very much looking forward to turning my focus toward fund raising and public relations for the organization.

If you are interested and feel you might qualify (or know someone who might) and possess a wealth of experience, enthusiasm, integrity, and drive, please request a copy of our job announcement or send a cover letter and resume to:

Search Committee MITA, 58 Fore St. Bldg 30, 3rd Floor, Portland, ME 04101, or search@mita.org

All referrals and inquiries will be kept in confidence.

Karen Stimpson, Executive Director, MITA, Portland, ME

Kiak-Kanoe Company

I am looking for information on the Kiak-Kanoe Company of Conway, New Hampshire, which did business in 1959-60.

Allan Awanson, 1225 N. West Shore Dr., Sault Ste. Marie, MI 49783, (906) 632-6803.

Projects..

South Shore BoatWorks

I am a third-generation wooden boat builder, patternmaker, and builder of ships' wheels. I founded South Shore BoatWorks in 1990. We are a small company located near Plymouth, Massachusetts. We specialize in building and restoring wooden Down East style powerboats up to 40' in length. We also build wooden small craft and finish interiors of fiberglass hulls and kits.

Over the years we have built many different types of craft. A few of them include a sailing nutshell pram, a steam launch, sea kayaks, dories, and tenders as well as more traditional designs such as sea skiffs and lobster boats.

Recently we have been working with Jamie Lowell of Lowell Brothers, Even Keel Marine, in developing the Gurnet Point 25, a versatile 25'6"x8'6" semi-built-down power-boat design that can be built with inboard power with a full keel and draft of 2'6", or an outboard version with a draft of 18". The Gurnet Point 25, with its wide 8½' beam, is legally trailerable without special permits or restrictions.

We were very fortunate to have been working with Jamie Lowell because, like his late uncle, Royal, and father, Carroll, he has an eye for designing handsome lobster-style boats that are sea kindly, offering a fast stable ride, which move efficiently through the water with a low to moderate horsepower engine. The Gurnet Point 25 is cold-molded and is offered in various configurations, including lobster-style hardtop, bass boat, and open boat with center console.

Some recent projects are: a new transom, cockpit sole, topside, trunk cabin, and pilothouse on a 32' 1974 Gus Skoog lobster boat; galley and interior accommodations on a 38' Atkinson Novi lobster boat; and building a Gurnet Point 15, a reproduction of a 15'2" George Shiverick design Banks dory.

We are dedicated to the building, repair, and preservation of wooden boats, offering an honest service for prices competitive with those of other small boat shops, and we stand behind the quality, of our work.

Please visit our website at: www.southshoreboatworks.com

Bob Fuller, South Shore BoatWorks, Halifax, MA, (781) 293-2293

Homebuilt Catamaran

Here is a photo of my homebuilt 30' catamaran with its 28' mast stepping derrick in place ready to raise the spar.

Dave Tangen, Great Falls, MT



This Magazine..

John Gardner Small Craft Workshop Coverage

All of us involved in the Workshop appreciated your appearance at the event. Your coverage of the event is yet another example of your stellar reporting prowess. However, you must bear in mind that not all persons interviewed are unbiased.

Specifically, Peter Vermilya pronounced his Westport Skiff, "Handiest boat here." While a man of many personal and professional strengths, Peter is not objective.

The handiest boat there was the Bournique Skiff. The fact that I entered the Bournique Skiff is totally coincidental and no reflection of bias on my part.

Rodger C. Swanson, Swanson Boat Co. Windsor, CT

One Reason Why I Read MAIB

Here's one reason why I read MAIB: In an article about getting ready to attend a sailboat meet, the author mentioned discovering his boat trailer had a flat tire. When he tried to remove the wheel for repair, he discovered the lug nuts were so badly rusted to the lugs that he had great difficulty getting them off.

This got me wondering about my own boat trailer which has been immersed in salt water about 100 times, so I tried removing a lug. No luck. After soaking them in WD40 for half a day and then using a breaker bar socket handle, plus a sharp rap with a hammer, I finally got all of them loose. They are now coated with thread lube, which I hope will allow me to get them loose with a standard lug wrench should the need ever arise.

Trying to loosen frozen lug nuts or bolts away from home and on a busy road would be a real headache, so I strongly suggest to your readers that they take a few minutes to check their own trailers.

Bryan Shrader, Port Townsend WA

In Memoriam...

Tom Jones

It is with great sadness that I learned that Tom Jones, who built a Melonseed skiff for me in 1997, as described in his book *New Plywood Boats*, died of natural causes on October 20 at age 72. I first met Tom and his wife, Carol, at a meeting of the Bayshore Discovery Project in the fall of 1996 when they gave a presentation about their most recent transatlantic passages to Portugal in one of Tom's catamarans.

When I mentioned I was interested in having a Melonseed skiff built, within three days he mailed me a commissioning proposal which I immediately accepted. It allowed Tom to build the boat over a year's period of time, sandwiched into travel made possible by Carol's sabbatical leave of absence from her teaching job, and it allowed me to space out the cost. Tom worked closely with me deferring to my wishes. I trusted him completely to build me a great boat and he far exceeded my expectations.

Little did I realize at the time, but I was also getting a dear friendship in Tom and Carol. I will miss Tom and the chance to talk sailing. My wife and I will continue to value Carol's friendship.

John Guidera, Vineland, NJ

Efforts are under way in the U.S. (Pennsylvania, Massachusetts) and Canada to make PFD use mandatory for folks on the water in small boats. The public comment period for the proposed rule changes in Pennsylvania ran from October 14, 2006 to November 14, 2006. Rule making decisions will be made in January 2007 and will take effect upon publication in the *Pennsylvania Bulletin*.

There are two possible options currently on the table. In the lesser case, boaters in watercraft under 16' and all canoes and kayaks will be required to wear PFDs at all times on the water in the cold months of the year (October through May). Alternatively, the Pennsylvania Fish and Boat Commission may vote to require boaters to wear their PFDs year round on the water (see item #188 at "<http://www.fish.state.pa.us/reg398.htm>") www.fish.state.pa.us/reg398.htm).

Statistics and Dissent

In spite of years of effort in the U.S. and Canada, state and federal agencies have been unable to convince the boating public to wear PFDs on the water. At present, PFD use by adult boaters remains low (21% in Canada, 13% in the U.S.). In the U.S. many adults won't wear PFDs even to set a good example for children in their boats. In this way, we are training the next generation of boaters to carry on their disdain for PFDs.

Some U.S. statistics indicate that seven of ten boating fatalities occur with boats under 20' in length. Drowning is the most common cause of death and in nearly 85% of all boating-related drownings the victims were not wearing PFDs. Alcohol was involved in about a third of those cases and nine of ten victims were male. Most drownings occurred within 10' of shore or safety. The largest percentage of deaths, relative to the number of boats on the water, occurred during the off season when the water was cold.

Drowning occurs in an average of 20 seconds for children and in less than a minute for adults. Extensive data on these matters indicate that swimming ability does not correlate strongly with survival in the water. This may be because panic-induced or cold-induced gasping (inhaling water) precludes swimming even if the victim briefly returns to the surface. To rephrase that, without a PFD and regardless of their known swimming ability, some victims do not return to the surface after accidental entry into the water.

Arguments against PFD use include confidence in one's swimming ability, lack of comfort or mobility in a PFD, and fear of the "wimp factor." PFDs are considered too hot in summer weather. Boaters don't need PFDs because they are staying near shore, they are expert boaters, they have had boating courses, they are with other boaters, etc. Statistics, no matter how dramatic, will never convince the U.S. boating public to routinely use PFDs on the water. For information on PFD use, carry out a Google search [pfd use U.S. Canada].

A Recent Sad Case

On September 19, 2006, at Avon Beach on Cape Hatteras, North Carolina, a 35-year-old man borrowed a sit-on-top kayak (short, stable boat with a large outside cockpit) from a neighbor and went out to do a little surfing. He capsized on the first wave about 50 yards offshore. His friends said he was thrown from the boat. They saw him holding onto

PFDs for Pennsylvania Boaters

Proposed New Rules

By Chuck Sutherland
(email: skimmer@enter.net)

the boat and went down to the beach to help him. When they got there they saw the kayak, but the victim could not be found (information provided by District Ranger John McCutcheon, Cape Hatteras National Seashore).

The wave height was 3-4' breaking across a bar, water temperature 71°F, air temperature 78°F, with light SSW (along shore) wind. Visibility was clear to the horizon. The victim was a novice paddler, a weak swimmer, was dressed in knee-length shorts, and was not wearing a PFD. He had had some alcohol earlier in the day. His body was recovered a few days later.

The most dangerous moment in the unfolding of an accident is the moment when the victim enters the water. Without a PFD, momentum drives the victim underwater and momentary surprise and panic often causes the victim to gasp, even in warm water. The victim's ability to swim cannot prevent rapid drowning. There is no going back for the PFD.

Cold Water Immersion

As water temperature falls, another factor enters the picture. Boaters dressed in street clothes, who are suddenly immersed in cold water, experience a reflex (involuntary) gasping response. Without a PFD the victim inhales water while briefly submerged. As in the Cape Hatteras case, victims are also then seen for a minute or two at the surface before disappearing from sight. Even nearby boaters can not respond quickly enough to save, or even reach, such victims. The gasping response, along with immediate increases in heart rate and blood pressure, is called cold shock.

Conclusions

In the U.S., Canada, and many other countries there is widespread stubborn resistance to wearing PFDs on all manner of small boats throughout the year. This is the case even though there can be no justifiable argument on any grounds for at least wearing them when boating on cold water. Accidents don't provide fair warning! Instead, they catch us when our backs are turned. Despite our best efforts, such accidents can not be eliminated. The best we can do is to prepare ourselves to respond effectively to the challenge. I routinely wear my PFD on the water. I refuse to die without a fight!

References

PFD Use Studies
<http://www.wearalifejacket.com/>
More: under Google Search enter [pfd use U.S. Canada]

Cold Water Boating
<http://www.tc.gc.ca/marinesafety/TP/Tp13822/menu.htm>} <http://www.tc.gc.ca/marinesafety/TP/Tp13822/menu.htm>
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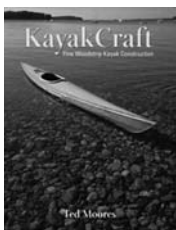
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Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

A Train of Thought

It's been a long time since I've taken the pleasure of sitting at my Window on the Water and capturing the scene outside. Life has been overly filled with commitments away from the water. This morning the view stopped me and demanded that I find the time to chronicle the beauty that is often taken for granted by coastal dwellers.

The sun came up out of the same ocean that I've written about over the past several years. The surface of the salt water looked very much the same as it had on many other mornings. What stopped me and demanded attention? It was a line of minute cumulonimbus.

I don't know why they caught my attention, perhaps my recent bout of jewelry mak-

ing had my eye trained to sort stones into a necklace shape. Perhaps it was seeing an old movie recently, with a steam loco chugging along the edge of the prairie, leaving a broken trail of puffy exhalations. For whatever reasons, here I sit in appreciation of the designs that Mother Nature can create.

The radiance that precedes sunrise was blocked by an oppressive layer of thick gray clouds and fog so no overall rosy glow warmed the cold steely bay when I glanced out of the window. It felt like someone had dropped a dirty furnace filter over the area, covering all except the very thin rim along the eastern edge, leaving Cape Ann to bask in the stingy sunlight. As sunrise continued, a line of clouds became apparent over the headlands of Plum Island. The largest of the largest of the clouds sat directly over the tallest sand dune at the southern end of Sandy Point. Next in line, going north along the receding slope was a smaller cloudlette. The line of little clouds were evenly spaced and reduced in size until the last few were little teardrop pearls, at the end of a broken necklace.

As the sun rose out of the bedcovers of the Atlantic Ocean, the scene reminded me of the powerful locomotives of a distant past. Plum Island's majestic silhouette drove forward, thrusting into the ocean. The waves broke on the foreshore like the snow pushed aside from the engine's cow catcher. The clouds lay above the broad shoulder of the headland like the spent steam escaping the stack.

The wind has shifted and I notice that the granite face of Halibut Point now has its own set of clouds streaming out behind it. Perhaps I'm witnessing Mother Nature's whimsy, or she's set me up to recognize that I've been away from my Window on the Water long enough and it is again time to share my observations with those living far from the shore. Whatever the reason, being back at the window feels good, so All Aboard! Who knows where this train of thought will lead?

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Duke Ellington once said, "If it sounds good, it IS good," referring, of course, to the relative merits of a musical composition. Likewise, my test for literature says that, "if it reads good, it IS good." I was disappointed to find that despite this book's merits, it flunked my overall readability test. I'll get to why I think that way shortly, but first let's briefly review the story line to put things into perspective.

On the Spur of Speed is J.E. Fender's fourth book in a series that started with *The Private Revolution of Geoffrey Frost*. You may find a review of the latter book in the October 15 edition of *MAIB*. *On the Spur of Speed* alternates between a flashback account of young Geoffrey's first adventures on board ship as a ten-year-old cabin boy and the misadventures of his younger brother Joseph, now a young man with Benedict Arnold's distressed army forces around Revolutionary War era Lake Champlain.

Geoffrey's position on the *Bride of Derry*, secured by his Portsmouth, New Hampshire, based merchant father to indoctrinate him to the ways of Yankee trading, quickly becomes tenuous as the despot's temperament of Captain Wicked 'Wick' Nichols and the true character of the *Bride* as an African slave trader emerge. The balance of Geoffrey's story finds him in and out of trouble with Captain Wick, often saved only by his burgeoning value as a sailor and navigator.

Meantime, brother Joseph, attempting to escape disgrace and an undesirable marriage to a socially ambitious Portsmouth ingenue who informs him how "happy and proud I be to bear the child we both have produced," joins General Benedict Arnold on shores of Lake Champlain. There he offers to help Arnold improvise a small fleet of primitive wooden boats and repair their few small ships, fortifying them with cannon previously spirited away from Fort Ticonderoga (alternately presented with interesting spelling variations, sometimes on the same page). Joseph is eventually joined by Juby, the Frost family's headman, who informs Joseph that the ingenue's paternity claims are false. Then they fight some colorful naval engagements on Lake Champlain against the Redcoats and their American Indian cohorts, led by British General Carleton.

I like the use of flashbacks to keep interest up but I had problems keeping track of the timeline in this novel. Most of my confusion came from attempting to reconcile the "Prologue to What has Past" (the novel's first page) with the balance of the book. Usually a foreword or prologue sets the stage for the events to come, perhaps giving important background material from previous volumes in a series. As it turned out, this Prologue contained events that, from the reader's point of view, not only hadn't yet taken place but evidently come to pass in a later novel in the series! For example, in the Prologue, Geoffrey rescues his younger brother Joseph, now in his 20s and in critical condition from battle wounds, from a makeshift army hospital in Philadelphia.

Then Geoffrey reverts to being a ship's boy in Chapter I and stays in that era until the end of the novel. In Chapter II we find brother Joseph in current story line time, nude and tied to the bedposts for a playful but explicit B&D sex scene. He ends the book by receiving orders from Benedict Arnold to head south and join forces with an army assembling there. How and when Joseph ends up



Book Review

On the Spur of Speed Continuing the Account of the Life and Times of Geoffry Frost, Mariner, of Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, as Faithfully Translated from the Ming Tiun Chronicles, and Incorporating an Account of Joseph Frost's and Juby's Conduct on Lake Champlain, all Diligently Compared with Other Contemporary Histories

By J. E. Fender

University Press of New England, 2005
ISBN 1-58465475-9. 311pps

Reviewed by Chuck Yahrling

near death in Philadelphia is a left as a mystery. Perhaps if I had read all the previous novels in the series in sequence it would have made a difference, but should I have to?

Compared to James Fenimore Cooper's characters or those in Patrick O'Brien's Aubrey/Maturin series, Fender's sometimes speak in such an affected style that it seemed contrived. Accordingly, some were rather flat and predictable and a few of their names (e.g., Captain Wicked Nichols) were clichés I would expect from a children's book, Stevenson's *Treasure Island* excepted.

The historical and nautical facts appeared thoroughly researched, though, and this seems to be Fender's best talent. If not, they were certainly believable. The geographical facts jibed as well; for example, I used to live in the Portsmouth area and recognized the local waterway descriptions right away.

Besides the war effort, major themes included the brutality of the slave trade and the prevalent roles of women, free or otherwise, at that time. (Caution: Feminists may take umbrage, even though Fender's treatment of female characters shows sensitivity to their plight). He does not mince words and does not hesitate to switch contexts in a hurry. For the most part I found this interesting as it gave the text some added punch, but I still think the book could benefit from some professional editing. Pervasive inconsistencies left me wondering about intended spellings or uses, an annoying distraction. And although I am not by any means a prude, I still found the steamy beginning to Chapter II to be irrelevant, even though it is titillating.

Before submitting this report I wondered if I might be a bit harsh with my criticisms, so I visited the Amazon.com web site

and read posted reviews of the Frost series. You may wish to do the same. They were mixed, some agreed with my assessment that the series does not live up to publisher's claims of being on a par with O'Brien but was worthwhile as a nautical action series with good historical value.

I found other reviews using Google.com. These were mostly glowing, from colleges and libraries nearby to Portsmouth (hint: look at who the publisher is). I also found an interesting defense by Fender on the credibility of presenting of young Geoffrey as a competent navigator proficient with taking star sights and reducing them mathematically on his first cruise at the age of ten.

In summary, I found this book entertaining but choppy to read. I think the jacket credits, submitted, by the way, from a retired Admiral and a former Navy Secretary, are so over the top with praise that they set unrealistic expectations and in my view are doing Mr. Fender a disservice. He deserves just credit, though, for undertaking such a comprehensive task and for the creativity he uses with presenting the historical facts. I hope he will continue to produce more historical novels based on the Portsmouth setting and will include some bibliographical sources so those of us so inclined may do some digging of our own.

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See Review in October 1 Issue!

The 14th Annual Arey's Pond Cat Gathering

Submitted by Arey's Pond Boat Yard
Photos by Barry Donahue/Cape Cod Voice

The 14th Annual Arey's Pond Cat Gathering took place in September on Pleasant Bay in Orleans, Massachusetts. It was a benefit for The Friends of Pleasant Bay and The Friends of Arey's Pond with this year's proceeds donated to the Eelman Point Property fundraiser for more open space at the Narrows on Pleasant Bay.

The wind and weather cooperated so all classes of boats from the 20' 1904 Chester Crosby Cat *Victory* to the 12' Beetle Cat *Skye* all could sail in comfort. With winds SSE at 10-12kts, 83 boats finished the five-and-a-half-mile course in less than two-and-a-half hours. With 90 boats signed up it was our largest finish ever and getting the awards ceremony done in a timely fashion proved next to impossible. Next year we will improve the class finish organization so we can have finish times out faster. All classes were repeat winners from past years.

Some interesting aspects of this race: Alan McClennen, Jr. sailing the Dunbar Monomy *Old Ghost* set the fastest overall time; Charles Bartlett set the fastest overall time in a catboat; Jim Nathanson set fastest overall time in a 15' and under catboat; Max Tringale (APBY employee), at 15 years old, was the youngest skipper, sailing a Beetle cat; Brooke Davis, Amy Dunne, and Eric Porteus (APBY sailing instructors) were second and third in their class.

Special guests included 22-year-old Jim Donovan who sailed his Lyle Hess cutter (which he built in his spare time at Arey's Pond Boat Yard) to Ireland via Cape Cod, the Caribbean, and Azores without auxiliary power was here for a visit. Jim sailed the regatta in *Shadow*, a great south bay catboat, until she had to drop out when the mast step failed. Also Liz Lovelock, a recent graduate of University of Pennsylvania, and Becca Nusbaum, now working in Manhattan, both long time APBY sailing instructors, made a point to be here for the annual race.

Everyone enjoyed a cookout and awards program overlooking Arey's Pond with 40-50 catboats resting on moorings and at the dock.

Class Winners

Traditional Class (10): Alan McClennen, Jr. in *Old Ghost*, a Dunbar

Monomy

Crosby Cats (5): Eliza McClennen in *Lestris*

Marshall 19 & Up Cats (3): Burt and Drew Stanian in *Pandora*

Marshall 18 Cats (17): Chuck Bartlett in *Second Wind*

APBY Cabin Lynx Cats (10): Eric Broege and Dan Gould in *Drijl*

Marshall 15 Cats (6): Bill Welch in *Purrfect*

APBY 14 Cats (18): Bradley Gale and Matt Evans in *Gale Driven*

Classic/Handy Cats (10): Jim Nathanson in *Encore*, a Compass Classic

Beetle Cats (4): Susan Powers in *Cats Paw #3*



First of the big boats, the McClennen family heads towards Little Pleasant Bay and a win in the Traditional Class in their Dunbar Monomy *Old Ghost*, setting fastest overall time.



Looking for the mark, a pair of sailors aboard an Arey's Pond 14.

Arrrgh! Time for pirates





The start on Pleasant Bay.



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It was really a good little summer resort where the boy and I were pegging away at our vacation. There were the mountains conveniently arranged with pleasant trails running up all of them, carefully marked with rustic but legible guideposts, and there was the sea comfortably besprinkled with islands among which one might sail around and about, day after day, not to go anywhere but just to enjoy the motion and the views, and there were cod and haddock swimming over the outer ledges in deep water waiting to be fed with clams at any time, and on fortunate days ridiculously accommodating in letting themselves be pulled up at the end of a long, thick string with a pound of lead and two hooks tied to it.

There were plenty of places considered proper for picnics, like Jordan's Pond, and Great Cranberry Island, and the Russian Teahouse, and the Log Cabin Teahouse, where you would be sure to meet other people who also were bent on picnicking, and there were hotels and summer cottages of various degrees of elaboration, filled with agreeable and talkable folk, most of whom were connected by occupation or marriage with the rival colleges and universities so that their ambitions for the simple life had an academic thoroughness and regularity.

There were dinner parties, and tea parties, and garden parties, and sea parties, and luncheon parties, masculine and feminine, and a horse show at Bar Harbor, and a gymkhana at North East, and dances at all the Harbors, where Minerva met Terpsichore on a friendly footing while Socrates sat out on the veranda with Midas discussing the great automobile question over their cigars.

It was all vastly entertaining and well-ordered and you would think that any person with a properly constituted mind ought to be able to peg through a vacation in such a place without wavering. But when the boy confessed to me that he felt the need of a few "days off" in the big woods to keep him up to his duty, I saw at once that the money spent upon his education had not been wasted, for here, without effort, he announced a great psychological fact, that no vacation is perfect without a holiday in it. So we packed our camping kit, made our peace with the family, tied our engagements together and cut the string below the knot, and set out to find freedom and a little fishing in the region around Lake Naticous.

The southeast corner of the state of Maine is a happy remnant of the ancient wilderness. The railroads will carry you around it in a day, if you wish to go that way, making a big oval of 200 or 300 miles along the sea and by the banks of the Penobscot, the Mattawamkeag, and the St. Croix. But if you wisely wish to cross the oval you must ride, or go afoot, or take to your canoe, probably you will have to try all three methods of locomotion for the country is a mixed quantity.

It reminds me of what I once heard in Stockholm, that the Creator, when the making of the rest of the world was done, had a lot of fragments of land and water, forests and meadows, mountains and valleys, lakes and moors left over and these He threw together to make the southern part of Sweden. I like that kind of a promiscuous country. The spice of life grows there.

When we had escaped from the railroad at Enfield on the Penobscot, we slept a short night in a room over a country store, and took wagon the next morning for a 25-mile drive.

A Holiday in a Vacation

By Henry Van Dyke
(Reprinted from *Days Off*, 1907)
Submitted by Dick Winslow

At the somnolent little village of Burlington we found our guides waiting for us. They were sitting on the green at the crossroads with their paddles and axes and bundles beside them. I knew at a glance that they were ready and all right, Sam Dam, an old experienced, seasoned guide, and Harry, a good-looking young woodsman who had worked in lumber camps and on "the drive," but had never been guiding before. He was none the worse for that for he belonged to the type of Maine man who has the faculty of learning things by doing them.

As we rattled along the road the farms grew poorer and sparser until at last we came into the woods, crossed the rocky Passadumkeag River, and so over a succession of horseback hills to the landing place on Naticous Stream where the canoes were hidden in the bushes. Now load up with the bundles and boxes, the tent, the blanket roll, the clothes bag, the provisions, all the stuff that is known as "duffel" in New York, and "butins" in French Canada, and "wangan" in Maine.

Stow it all away judiciously so that the two light craft will be well balanced and then push off, bow paddles, and let us taste the joy of a new stream! New to the boy and me, you understand, but to the guides it was old and familiar, a link in a much travelled route. The amber water rippled merrily over the rocky bars where the river was low and in the still reaches it spread out broad and smooth, covered with white lilies and fringed with tall grasses. All along the pleasant way Sam entertained us with memories of the stream.

"Ye see that grassy p'int, jest ahead of us? Three weeks ago I was comin' down for the mail and there was three deer a-stannin' on that p'int, a buck and a doe and a fawn. And..."

"Up in them alders there's a little spring brook comes in. Good fishin' there in high water. But now? Well..."

"Jest beyond that bunch o' rocks last fall there was three fellers comin' down in a canoe and a big bear come out and started 'cross river. The gun was in the case in the bottom of the canoe and one o' the fellers had a pistol, and so..."

Beyond a doubt it was so, always has been so, and always will be so, just so, on every river traveled by canoes until the end of time. The sportsman travels through a happy interval between memories of failure and expectation of success. But the river and the wind in the trees sing to him by the way, and there are wild flowers along the banks, and every turn in the stream makes a new picture of beauty. Thus we came leisurely and peacefully to the place where the river issued from the lake and here we must fish awhile, for it was reported that the landlocked salmon lay in the narrow channel just above the dam.

Sure enough, no sooner had the fly crossed the current than there was a rise, and at the second cast a pretty salmon of two-and-a-half pounds was hooked, played, and landed. Three more were taken, of which the boy got two and his were the biggest. Fish

know nothing of the respect due to age. They leaped well, those little salmon, flashing clean out of the water again and again with silvery gleams.

But on the whole they did not play as strongly nor as long as their brethren (called ouananiche) in the wild rapids where the Upper Saguenay breaks from Lake St. John. The same fish are always more lively, powerful, and enduring when they live in swift water, battling with the current, than when they vegetate in the quiet depths of a lake. But if a salmon must live in a luxurious home of that kind, Naticous is a good one for the water is clear, the shores are clean, the islands plenty, and the bays deep and winding.

At the clubhouse, six miles up the lake, where we arrived at candle lighting, we found such kindly welcome and good company that we tarried for three days in that woodland Capua, discussing the further course of our expedition. Everybody was willing to lend us aid and comfort. The sociable hermit who had summered for the last 20 years in his tiny cabin on the point gave us friendly counsel and excellent large blueberries. The matron provided us with daily bags of most delicate tea, a precaution against the native habit of "squatting" the leaves, that is boiling and squeezing them to extract the tannin.

The little lady called Katharyne (a fearless forest-maid who roamed the woods in leathern jacket and short blue skirt, followed by an enormous and admiring guide, and caught big fish everywhere) offered to lend us anything in her outfit from a pack basket to a darning needle. It was cheerful to meet with such general encouragement in our small adventure. But the trouble was to decide which way to go.

Naticous lies near the top of a watershed about a thousand feet high. From the region round about it at least seven canoeable rivers descend to civilization. The Narraguagus and the Union on the South, the Passadumkeag on the west, the Sisladobsis and the St. Croix on the north, and the two branches of the Machias or Kowahshiscook on the east, to say nothing of the Westogus and the Hackmatack and the Mopang. Here were names to stir the fancy and paralyze the tongue. What a joy to follow one of these streams clear through its course and come out of the woods in our own craft from Naticous to the sea!

It was perhaps something in the name, some wild generosity of alphabetical expenditure, that led us to the choice of the Kowahshiscook, or west branch of the Machias River. Or perhaps it was because neither of our guides had been down that stream and so the whole voyage would be an exploration with everybody on the same level of experience. An easy day's journey across the lake and up Comb's Brook, where the trout were abundant, and by a two-mile carry into Horseshoe Lake and then over a narrow hardwood ridge brought us to Green Lake where we camped for the night in a new log shanty.

Here we were at the topmost source... fons et origo... of our chosen river. This single spring, crystal clear and ice cold, gushing out of the hillside in a forest of spruce and yellow birch and sugar maple, gave us the clue that we must follow for a week through the wilderness.

But how changed was that transparent rivulet after it entered the lake. There the water was pale green, translucent but semi-

opaque, for at a depth of two or three feet the bottom was hardly visible. The lake was filled, I believe, with some minute aquatic growth which in the course of a thousand years or so would transform it into a meadow.

But meantime the mystical water was inhabited, especially around the mouth of the spring, by huge trout to whom tradition ascribed a singular and provoking disposition. They would take the bait when the fancy moved them, but the fly they would always refuse, ignoring it with calm disdain or slapping at it with their tails and shoving it out of their way as they played on the surface in the summer evenings. This was the mysterious reputation of the trout of Green Lake, handed down from generation to generation of anglers, and this spell we had come to break by finding the particular fly that would be irresistible to those secret epicures and the psychological moment of the day when they could no longer resist temptation.

We tried all the flies in our books, at sunset, in the twilight, by the light of the stars and the rising moon, at dawn and at sunrise. Not one trout did we capture with the fly in Green Lake. Nor could we solve the mystery of those reluctant fish. The boy made a scientific suggestion that they got plenty of food from the cloudy water, which served them as a kind of soup. My guess was that their sight was impaired so that they could not see the fly. But Sam said it was "jest pure cussedness." Many things in the world happen from that cause and, as a rule, it is best not to fret over them.

The trail from Green Lake to Campbell Lake was easily found, it followed down the outlet about a mile. But it had been little used for many years and the undergrowth had almost obliterated it. Rain had been falling all the morning and the bushes were wetter than water. On such a carry travel is slow. We had three trips to make each way before we could get the stuff and the canoes over. Then a short voyage across the lake and another mile of the same sort of portage, after which we came out with the last load, an hour before sundown, on the shore of the Big Sabeo.



This lake was quite different from the others, wide and open with smooth sand beaches all around it. The little hills which encircled it had been burned over years ago and the blueberry pickers had renewed the fire from year to year. The landscape was light green and yellow beneath a low, cloudy sky, no forest in sight except one big, black island far across the water.

The place where we came out was not attractive, but nothing is more foolish than to go on looking for a pretty campground after daylight has begun to wane. When the sun comes within the width of two paddle blades of the horizon, if you are wise you will take the first bit of level ground within reach of wood and water and make haste to get the camp in order before dark. So we pitched our blue tent on the beach with a screen of bushes at the back to shelter us from the wind, broke a double quantity of fir branches for our bed to save us from the midnight misery of sand in the blankets, cut a generous supply of firewood from a dead pine tree which stood conveniently at hand, and settled down in comfort for the night.

What could have been better than our supper, cooked in the open air and eaten by firelight! True, we had no plates, they had been forgotten, but we never mourned for them. We made a shift to get along with the tops of some emptied tin cans and the cover of a kettle, and from these rude platters (quite as serviceable as the porcelain of Limoges or Sevres) we consumed our toast and our boiled potatoes with butter and our trout prudently brought from Horseshoe Lake and, best of all, our bacon.

Do you remember what Charles Lamb says about roast pig? How he falls into an ecstasy of laudation, spelling the very name with small capitals as if the lower case were too mean for such a delicacy, and breaking away from the cheap encomiums of the vulgar tongue to hail it in sonorous Latin as "princeps obsoniorum!" There is some truth in his compliments, no doubt, but they are wasteful, excessive, imprudent. For if all this praise is to be lavished on plain, fresh, immature, roast pig, what adjectives shall we find to do justice to that riper, richer, more subtle and sustaining viand, broiled bacon?

On roast pig a man cannot work, often he cannot sleep if he have partaken of it immoderately. But bacon brings to its sweetness no satiety. It strengthens the arm while it satisfies the palate. Crisp, juicy, savory, delicately salt as the breeze that blows from the sea, faintly pungent as the blue smoke of incense wafted from a clean woodfire, aromatic, appetizing, nourishing, a stimulant to the hunger which it appeases, 'tis the matured bloom and consummation of the mild little pig, spared by foresight for a nobler fate than juvenile roasting and brought by art and man's device to a perfection surpassing nature.

All the problems of woodland cookery are best saved by the baconian method. And when we say of one escaping great disaster that he has "saved his bacon," we say that the physical basis and the quintessential comfort of his life are still untouched and secure.

Steadily fell the rain all that night, plentiful, persistent, drumming on the tightened canvas over our heads, waking us now and then to pleasant thoughts of a rising stream and good water for the morrow. Breaking clouds roiled before the sunrise and the lake was all aglitter when we pushed away in

dancing canoes to find the outlet. This is one of the problems in which the voyager learns to know something of the infinite reserve, the humorous subtlety, the hide-and-seek quality in nature. Where is it that mysterious outlet? Behind yonder long point? Nothing here but a narrow arm of the lake. At the end of this deep bay? Nothing here but a little brook flowing in. At the back of the island? Nothing here but a landlocked lagoon.

Must we make the circuit of the whole shore before we find the way out? Stop a moment. What are those two taller clumps of bushes on the edge of this broad curving meadow down there in the corner, do you see? Turn back, go close to the shore, swing around the nearer clump, and here we are in the smooth amber stream, slipping silently, furtively, down through the meadow as if it would steal away for a merry jest and leave us going round and round the lake till nightfall.

Easily and swiftly the canoes slide along with the little river, winding and doubling through the wide, wild field, travelling three miles to gain one. The rushes nod and glisten around us, the bending reeds whisper as we push between them, cutting across a point. Follow the stream, we know not its course but we know that if we go with it, though it be a wayward and tricky guide, it will bring us out, but not too soon, we hope!

Here is a lumberman's dam, broad-based, solid, and ugly, a work of infinite labour standing lonely, deserted here in the heart of the wilderness. Now we must carry across it. But it shall help while it hinders us. Pry up the creaking sluice gates, sending a fresh head of water down the channel along with us, lifting us over the shallows, driving us on through the rocky places, buoyant, alert, and rejoicing, 'til we come again to a level meadow and the long, calm, indolent reaches of river.

Look on the right there, under the bushes. There is a cold, still brook, slipping into the lazy river and there we must try the truth of the tales we have heard of the plentiful trout of Machias. Let the flies fall light by the mouth of the brook, caressing, inviting. Nothing there? Then push the canoe through the interlaced alders, quietly, slowly up the narrow stream, 'til a wider pool lies open before you. Now let the rod swing high in the air, lifting the line above the bushes, dropping the flies as far away as you can on the dark brown water.

See how quickly the answer comes, in two swift golden flashes out of the depths of the sleeping pool. This is a pretty brace of trout, from 30 to 40 ounces of thoroughbred fighting pluck and the spirit that will not surrender. If they only knew that their strength would be doubled by acting together, they soon would tangle your line in the roots or break your rod in the alders. But all the time they are fighting against each other, making it easy to bring them up to the net and land them, a pair of beauties, evenly matched in weight and in splendour, gleaming with rich iridescent hues of orange and green and peacock blue and crimson.

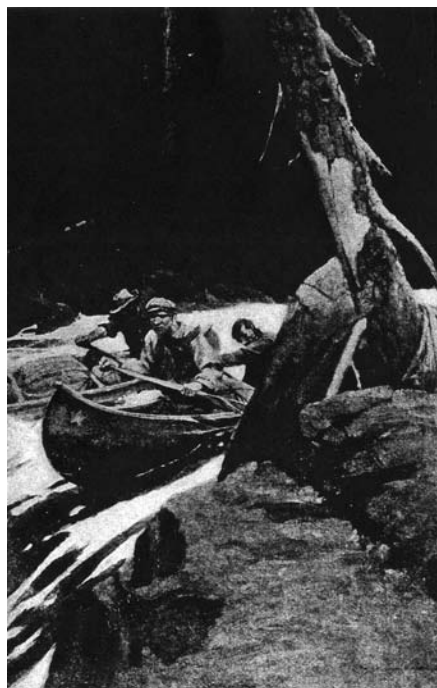
A few feet beyond you find another, a smaller fish, and then one a little larger, and so you go on up the stream, threading the boat through the alders with patience and infinite caution, carefully casting your flies when the stream opens out to invite them, 'til you have rounded your dozen of trout and are wisely contented. Then you go backward down the brook too narrow for turning and

join the other canoe that waits, floating leisurely on with the river.

There is a change now in the character of the stream. The low hills that have been standing far away come close together from either side as if they meant to bar any further passage, and the dreamy river wakes up to wrestle its way down the narrow valley. There are no long sleepy reaches, no wide easy curves now, but sharp, quick turns from one rocky ledge to another and enormous stones piled and scattered along the river bed, and sudden descents from level to level as if by the broad steps of a ruined, winding stairway.

The water pushes, and rushes, and roars, and foams, and frets, no, it does not fret, after all, for there is always something joyous and exultant in its voice, a note of the *gaudia certaminis* by which the struggle of life is animated, a note of confident strength, sure that it can find or make a way, through all obstacles, to its goal. This is what I feel in a river, especially a little river flowing through a rough, steep country. This is what makes me love it. It seems to be thoroughly alive, and glad to be alive, and determined to go on, and certain that it will win through.

Our canoes go with the river, but no longer easily or lazily. Every step of the way must be carefully chosen, now close to the steep bank where the bushes hang over, now in mid-stream among the huge pointed rocks, now by the lowest point of a broad sunken ledge where the water sweeps smoothly over to drop into the next pool. The boy and I, using the bow paddles, are in the front of the adventure, guessing at the best channel, pushing aside suddenly to avoid treacherous stones hidden with dark moss, dashing swiftly down the long dancing rapids with the shouting of the waves in our ears and the sprinkle of the foam in our faces.



From side to side of the wild avenue through the forest we turn and dart, zigzagging among the rocks. Thick woods shut us in on either hand, pines and hemlocks and firs and spruces, beeches and maples and yellow birches, alders with their brown seed cones, and mountain ashes with their scarlet

berries. All four of us know the way, there can be no doubt about that for down the river is the only road out. But none of us knows the path for this is a new stream, you remember, and between us and our journey's end there lie a thousand possible difficulties, accidents, and escapes.

The boy had one of them. His canoe struck on a ledge in passing over a little fall, swung around sideways to the current and half filled with water, he and Harry had to leap out into the stream waist deep. Sam and I made merry at their plight. But Nemesis was waiting for me a few miles below.

All the pools were full of fine trout. While the men were cooking lunch in a grove of balsams I waded downstream to get another brace of fish. Stepping carefully among the rocks, I stood about thigh deep in my rubber boots and cast across the pool. But the best bit of water was a little beyond my reach. A step further! There is a yellow bit of gravel that will give a good footing. Intent upon the flight of my flies, I took the step without care.

But the yellow patch under the brown water was not gravel, it was the face of a rock polished smoother than glass. Gently, slowly, irresistibly, and with deep indignation I subsided backward into the cold pool. The rubber boots filled with water and the immersion was complete. Then I stood up and got the trout. When I returned to the campfire the others laughed at me uproariously and the boy said, "Why did you go in swimming with your clothes on? Were you expecting a party of ladies to come down the stream?"

Our tenting places were new every night and forsaken every morning. Each of them had a charm of its own. One was under a great yellow birch tree, close to the bank of the river. Another was on top of a bare ridge in the middle of a vast blueberry patch where the luscious fruit, cool and fresh with the morning dew, spread an immense breakfast table to tempt us. The most beautiful of all was at the edge of a fir wood with a huge rock, covered with moss and lichen, sloping down before us in a broad, open descent of 30 feet to the foaming stream.

The full moon climbed into the sky as we sat around our campfire, and showed her face above the dark, pointed treetops. The winding vale was flooded with silver radiance that rested on river and rock and tree trunk and multitudinous leafage like an enchantment of tranquillity. The curling currents and the floating foam, up and down the stream, were glistening and sparkling, ever moving, yet never losing their position. The shouting of the water melted to music in which a thousand strange and secret voices, near and far away, blending and alternating from rapid to rapid and fall to fall, seemed like hidden choirs, answering one another from place to place.

The sense of struggle, of pressure and resistance, of perpetual change, was gone and in its stead there was a feeling of infinite quietude, of perfect balance and repose, of deep accord and amity between the watching heavens and the waiting earth in which the conflicts of existence seemed very distant and of little meaning and the peace of nature prophesied, "That one, far off divine event towards which the whole creation moves." Thus for six days and nights we kept company with our little river, following its guidance and enjoying all its changing moods.

Sometimes it led us through a smooth country, across natural meadows, alder-fringed, where the bed of the stream was of amber sand and polished gravel and the water rippled gently over the shallow bars and there were deep holes underneath the hanging bushes where the trout hid from the heat of the noon sun.

Sometimes it had carved a way for itself over huge beds of solid rock where, if the slope was gentle, we could dart arrow-like along the channel from pool to pool, but if the descent was steep and broken we must get out of the canoes and let them down with ropes.

Sometimes the course ran for miles through evergreen forests where the fragrance of the fir trees filled the air and again we came out into the open regions where thousands of acres of wild blueberries were spread around us.

I call them wild because no man's hand has planted them. Yet they are cultivated after a fashion. Every two or three years a district of these hills is set on fire, and in the burned ground, the next spring the berry bushes come up innumerable. The following fall they are loaded so heavily with blueberries that the harvest is gathered with rakes, each of which has a cup underneath it into which the berries fall as the rake is thrust through the bushes. The land is owned by two or three large proprietors who employ men and women to gather the crop, paying them a few cents a bushel for picking. Sometimes the proprietor leases his land to a factor who pays a royalty on every bushel turned in at the factory in some village on the railroad or by the seashore where the berries are canned or dried.

One day we came upon a camp of these berry pickers by the riverside. Our first notice of their proximity was the sight of a raft with an armchair tied in the centre of it, stranded upon the rocks in a long, fierce rapid. Imagine how this looked to us after we had been five days in the wilderness! An armchair sitting up sedately in the middle of the rapids! What did it mean? Perhaps some vagrant artist had been exploring the river and had fixed his seat there in order to paint a picture. Perhaps some lazy fisherman had found a good pool amid those boiling waters and had arranged to take his ease while he whipped that fishy place with his flies.

The mystery was solved when we rounded the next point, for there we found the berry pickers taking their nooning in a cluster of little slab shanties. They were friendly folks, men, women, and children, but they knew nothing about the river, had never been up farther than the place where the boys had left their raft in the high water a week ago, had never been down at all, could not tell how many falls there were below nor whether the mouth was five or 50 miles away. They had come in by the road, which crossed the river at this point, and by the road they would go back when the berries were picked. They wanted to know whether we were prospecting for lumber or thinking of going into the berry business. We tried to explain the nature of our expedition to them, but I reckon we failed.

These were the only people that we really met on our journey, though we saw a few others far off on some bare hill. We did not encounter a single boat or canoe on the river. But we saw the deer come down to the shore and stand shoulder deep among the golden-rod and purple asters. We saw the ruffled

grouse whirl through the thickets and the wild ducks skitter down the stream ahead of us. We saw the warblers and the cedar birds gathering in flocks for their southward flight, the muskrats making their houses ready for the winter, and the porcupines dumbly meditating and masticating among the branches of the young poplar trees. We also had a delightful interview with a wildcat and almost a thrilling adventure with a bear.

The boy and I had started out from camp for an hour of evening fishing. He went down the stream some distance ahead of me, as I supposed (though, as I afterward found, he had made a little detour and turned back). I was making my way painfully through a spruce thicket when I heard a loud crash and crackling of dead branches. "Hallo!" I cried, "Have you fallen down? Are you hurt?" No answer. "Hallo, Teddy!" I shouted again, "What's the matter?" Another tremendous crash and then dead silence.

I dropped my rod and pushed as rapidly as possible in the direction from which the sound had come. There I found a circle about 50' in diameter torn and trampled as if a circus had been there. The ground was trodden bare. Trees three and four inches thick were broken off. The bark of the larger trees was stripped away. The place was a ruin. A few paces away, among the bushes, there was a bear trap with some claws in it and an iron chain attached to the middle of a clog about four feet long. The log hovel in which the trap had been set, we found later, a little way back on an old wood road.

Evidently a bear had been caught there, perhaps two or three days before we came. He had dragged the trap and the chained clog down into the thicket. There he had stayed, tearing up things generally in his efforts to escape from his encumbrance and resting quietly in the intervals of his fury. My approach had startled him and he had made the first crash that I heard. Then he lay low and listened. My second inconsiderate shout of "Hallo, Teddy!" had put such an enormous fear into him that he dashed through the trees, caught the foolishly chained clog across two of them, and, tearing himself loose, escaped with the loss of a couple of toes. Thus ended our almost adventure with a bear. How glad the old fellow must have been!

The moral is this: If you want a bear, you should set your trap with the clog chained at one end, not around the middle, then it will trail through the woods and not break loose. But the best way is not to want a bear.

Our last camp was just at the head of Holmes's Fall, a splendid ravine down which the river rushes in two foaming leaps. Here in the gray of the morning we lugged our canoes and our camp kit around the cataract and then launched away for the end of our voyage. It was full of variety for the river was now cutting its course through a series of ridges and every mile was broken with rapids and larger falls. There was but one other place, however, where we had to make a portage. I believe it was called Grand Falls. After that the stream was smooth and quiet. The tall maples and ashes and elms stood along the banks as if they had been planted for a park. The first faint touch of autumn colour was beginning to illuminate their foliage. A few weeks later the river would be a long, winding avenue of gold and crimson, for every tree would redouble its splendour in the dark, unruffled water.

At one place where there were a few cleared fields bordering on the river, we saw two or three houses and barns and supposed we were near the end of our voyage. This was about nine o'clock in the morning and we were glad because we calculated that we could catch the ten o'clock train for Bar Harbor. But that calculation was far astray. We skirted the cleared fields and entered the woodland again. The river flowed, broad and leisurely, in great curves half a mile long from point to point. As we rounded one cape after another we said to each other, "When we pass the next turn we shall see the village."

But that inconsiderate village seemed to flee before us. Still the tall trees lined the banks in placid monotony. Still the river curved from cape to cape, each one like all the others. We paddled hard and steadily. Ten o'clock passed. Every day of our journey we had lost something, a frying pan, a hatchet, a paddle, a ring. This day was no exception. We had lost a train. Still we pushed along against the cool wind, which always headed us, whether we turned north, or east, or south, wondering whether the village that we sought was still in the world, wondering whether the river came out anywhere, wondering 'til at last we saw, across a lake like expanse of water, the white church and the clustering houses of the far-famed Whitneyville.

It was a quaint old town which had seen better days. The big lumber mill that had once kept it busy was burned down and the business had slipped away to the prosperous neighbouring town of Machias. There were nice old houses with tall pillars in front of them, now falling into decay and slipping out of plumb. There were shops that had evidently been closed for years, with not even a sign "To Let" in the windows. Our dinner was cooked for us in a boarding house by a brisk young lady of about 15 years whose mother had gone to Machias for a day in the gay world. With one exception that pleasant young lady was the only thing in Whitneyville that did not have an air of having been left behind.

The exception was the establishment of Mr. Cornelius D., whose "General Store" beside the bridge was still open for business and whose big white house stood under the elm trees at the corner of the road opposite the church with bright windows, fresh painted walls, and plenty of flowers blooming around it. He was walking in the yard, dressed in a black broadcloth frock coat with a black satin necktie and a collar with pointed ends, an old-fashioned Gladstonian garb. When I heard him speak I knew where he came from. It was the rich accent of Killarney, just as I had heard it on the Irish lakes two summers ago.

But 60 years had passed since the young Cornelius had left the shores of the River Laune and come to dwell by the Kowahshiscook. He had grown up with the place, had run the lumber mill and the first railroad that hauled the lumber from the mill down to tidewater, had become the owner of the store and the proprietor of some 16 miles of timberland along the riverfront, had built the chief house of the village and given his children a capital education, and there he still dwelt with his wife from Killarney and with his tall sons and daughters about him, contented and happy and not at all disposed to question the beneficent order of the universe.

We had plenty of good talk that afternoon and evening, chiefly about the Old

Country, and I had to rub up my recollections of Ross Castle and Kenmare House and all the places around Lough Leane in order to match the old man's memory. He was interested in our expedition, too. He had often been far into the woods looking after his lumber. But I doubt whether he quite understood what it was that drew the boy and me on our idle, voyage from Nicasious to the sea.

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The sun dipped below Manana Island to our west, putting into shadows the loungers on the porch of Maine's Monhegan Island's big old wooden hotel. Feeling chilled, they one by one retired indoors while we, afloat, lingered. The sunset, partially obscured by Manana, was the clear, cold sunset of fall. With warming drinks in hand we three sat in the cockpit, stabbing in turn at the jar of herring in sour cream and commenting on events ashore. We waited for the moon to rise over the lighthouse on Monhegan, giving us a sight denied those island bound hotel guests. They had but a harbor view, their lodging being tucked under the hill.

Aboard my old gaffer *Bear*, we had moored to a big white ball, following the suggestion of the cruising guide to "take a mooring without a dinghy, then check with the harbor master." We did the former but not the latter for, late in the day, late in the season, it seemed unnecessary. We would not go ashore. Our lazy sail out of Boothbay Harbor had put us in a relaxed mood that continued into the evening. If we hadn't earned our present rest, we could count it against tomorrow's workout for the weather forecast called for fog and rain, east wind 15 to 20.

At 6:45 the moon rose, a picture book crescent. I won the bet for the time of its appearance, having cheated just a little, peaking at the almanac. By their mention we each paid homage to our wives ashore, Jack saying how even Sara would have enjoyed this moment. Frank recounted a previous visit to Monhegan with his wife Janet, a birding expedition with two dreary nights at a now defunct B&B. I related how, years ago, my wife Mim and her good friend Paula had missed the last mail boat to the mainland and had to spend an uncomfortable night in a lodging hosted by a landlord who all but ignored their request for a little something to eat, while doting on two obnoxious women with fawning attention.

With our dinner but a happy memory, a joint gift of those same wives, and the moon safely launched into the heavens, our talk, now in the warmth of the cabin, rambled as the coffee brandy and Steinhager, summer's leftovers, circled the table. Frank, former professor, said (quoting *Mother Goose*) we reminded him of the three wise men of Gotham, who "went to sea in a bowl, and if their boat had been stronger, this rhyme would be longer." Jack, attorney-at-law, objected (humorously), citing that (a) we were not from Gotham, (b) *Bear* wasn't a bowl at all, and (c) the comparison was libelous. I weighed in by murmuring a few lines of Masefield, "...lonely sea and the sky," "bla, bla..." and a star to steer her by."

Here we were, prof, lawyer, engineer, three guys in need of some effortless, onboard entertainment. Jokes were soon exhausted and we didn't seem up to creating new ones. One of us, and no one claims responsibility for this idea, said, "Let's draw lots and the winner, that is, the loser, must tell the scariest personal true life sea story." We drew straws and I lost. Rigged, I thought to myself.

I took a turn on deck and returned hoping the conversation had shifted to tomorrow's workout, but the grinning, complacent faces of Jack and Frank greeted me. Entertain us, Joe, they said without saying it. The cold air of my deck stroll and stubbing my toe on the misplaced anchor had, indeed, reminded me of a story. I don't know if it was scary or not. It was personal.

Knowing the Ropes

By Valmar Stauffer-Thompson

"Years ago," I began, trying to imitate the classic storytelling style, "in the summer of 1959 I had the good fortune to take my discharge from the U.S. Army in Germany and spend a rewarding month climbing in the French Alps with college chums over from the States. On one climb we teamed up with two Brits, and on a prolonged sit-out waiting for the weather to clear I learned that Ian sailed his uncle's old converted trawler, *Mazie*, out of Pin Mill, Suffolk, when he wasn't climbing. I took him up on an invitation for some gunkholing on the Orwell River when climbing paled, which it did as rainy day followed rainy day and my friends scattered at the end of August.

At the final visit to the poste in Chamonix Ian learned of big sister's imminent wedding in Dieppe and the requirement for his immediate presence. It looked for a moment that sailing was out but Ian said, "No, no. Look, let me give you directions, tell you just where the boat is and how to get to it. I'll be along in a couple of days." And he started scribbling notes and a concocting a map.

It worked out perfectly, my trip to the River Orwell in Suffolk. We split right there in Chamonix. I hitched to Geneva, then sacked on the overnight train to Paris, got the train for Ostend, and there the ferry that landed me in Felixstowe, right at the mouth of the confluence of the Stour and Orwell Rivers. Just like Ian said, *Mazie* was swinging to a mooring just off the "hard" at the tiny village of Pin Mill. I was elated for Pin Mill, eight miles up the River Orwell, was the setting for my favorite childhood book, *We Didn't Mean to Go to Sea*, by Arthur Ransome. The dinghy lay close by the Butt and Oyster and as soon as the flood allowed I shoved it out into deep water, in the bow a heap of food and drink and a backpack full of dirty clothes.

On board, in the twilight, I delighted in the pleasure of exploring a truly fascinating vessel, 75 years old, a floating museum of nautical history. I could see holes in the cap rail where dragging gear was once attached. Aft, on deck, on either side of the tiny cockpit, were the gouges of untold numbers of trawls brought on board. The cabin coach roof covered what was once the fish hold. Below was the evocative smell of pine tar, diesel fuel, tobacco, mildew, and, yes, fish. I felt right at home in this old 40' sloop.

Rain threatening clouds, denoting a modest little squall coming out of the west and obscuring what would have been a delightful sunset, had me back on deck doing seamanlike things rather than daydreaming down below. I checked the security of the sail cover over the gaff and mainsail. I tightened halyards and other lines at the foot of the mainmast so they wouldn't slap in the wind and moved forward to the bow, marveling at the massive capstan and heavy chain of the anchor rode.

Our mooring pennant, in contrast, was a skimpy manila line looped around the double bitts and running out through an open galvanized chock right up by the offset bowsprit and overboard. Thinking I might supplement it with something stouter, I leaned out over the bow expecting to see the painter (or pennant) leading to a keg or spar, for this was in the days before round plastic mooring balls.

To my surprise the pennant went almost straight down into the dark flowing water.

Knowing that it was most unlikely that this line went all the way to the anchor, but rather led to a buoy (no doubt pulled under by the chain weight and current), I leaned over and started to pull it on board, thinking I would get hold of the buoy and tie on to it a bit of insurance, another line to the boat. To my horror and amazement I saw the pennant dirty and frayed where it rubbed against the rusty chain bobstay. Carefully I hauled on the pennant until I could reach over and grasp it below the fray, then pulled slowly until I had sufficient undamaged line ready to take around the bitts.

Now I looked forward, expecting to see a float or buoy surfacing for I had pulled some 20' of pennant on board and it coiled around the deck. But no. The pennant ended just above the water's surface with an eye, two shackles, some rusty hardware, and a most foul chain. I knew exactly what had happened. The float, whatever it might have been, had come adrift, the hardware rusting away, and the weight of the chain pulling straight down on the pennant allowed it to scrub endlessly against the bobstay. My analysis seemed confirmed when I noticed farther up the bobstay a length of protective split rubber hose. Normally this would have done the trick, the pennant protected as it fed out to the float.

I poured myself a small bit of Steinhager and in the brief pause Frank said, "That was a pretty frightening experience." But I knew by his gentle irony that he was poking fun at me. Jack picked up on that and added, "I'll bet you got on the VHF and called the harbor master."

"No," I said, "I lit off a Lucky, then three red parachute flares and waited for the Coast Guard." Everyone chuckled, just barely, commensurate with the level of this humor.

"But let me tell you what I did do, what really happened." Jack was sitting straight up, both hands holding his chin, feigning total absorption in my story. Frank, in contrast, lounged back on the opposite bunk, indolent, like some Bedouin chief on his rug. "Entertain me," his pose suggested. Do go on, they implied. I did go on.

"My first thought was, 'Hey, man, Just take some turns around the bitts with the line and call it quits. Thin and grubby as it is it'll last a couple of more days.'" But then I thought, "No, do it right, pretend it's your boat," and I set about the simple task of hauling in more painter, bringing the chain at last near the cap rail where I could reach overboard and loop a really stout line through the shackle on the chain, tie in a bowline, and take the other end to the bitts. I pulled in more painter, feeling now more than ever the weight of the chain and the resistance of the increasing tidal current. The end of the painter now was most foul, slime covered, and alive with blood worms and tiny mussels. It looped around beneath me on the foredeck. Not having gloves on I was careful how I grasped the line, knowing that any cuts would be slow to heal.

My carefulness was my undoing. My right hand slipped and a fathom of line shot overboard with a perfect half hitch around my ankle. My left hand grabbed the forestay above the eyesplice and a wicked broken wire strand drove into my palm. I let go, grabbed again, missed, but caught the caprail. I was now completely overboard

hanging downward, dangling much as one would fall off a roof and hang by the gutter. On deck there was gobs of slack in the painter. I knew if I let go it would stream out as I fell into the water and was pulled under by the chain. I knew, because I saw it, that the line around my ankle was a simple hitch. Under water even it would be a simple enough maneuver to twist out of it provided I twisted in the right direction and provided the tension was not extreme. I was tiring fast, the increasing current adding to the strain.

My options were cut the line before I let go, or let go and then cut the line, or let go and untangle the hitch while there was still some slack. I pulled the knife from my belt and with the forestay in the crook of my left arm I reached for, but couldn't reach, the hitch around my ankle as the tug of the current stretched my leg out straight. I tried cutting the line where it ran through the open bow chock. I sawed away but that part of the line was slack and with one hand to hold onto the boat and one hand to saw I couldn't keep the line taut. Now I was really tired.

I knew what I had to do, option two, the only thing I could do. I let go of the boat and dropped into the water. I felt the immense weight of the chain at my ankle. Above me in the water ran the painter, tight and vertical. Motivated by cold fear I cut it through with my knife, dropped it, and felt for the hitch on my ankle. As I did I realized the chain was pulling me down, my eyes tight closed against the dirty water. As I freed my ankle from the line I could feel the muddy bottom, a pudding of eons of river runoff. Lungs bursting, I swam to the surface.

What I have described all came back to me later. In the moment it was all reaction, instinctive, fear-driven reaction. Only when I reached the surface, blew an explosive exhale, and sucked in new air and treaded water, only then did I realize I had cut old *Mazie* free of its mooring. Where was it? And where was I? The rain squall had brought darkness early. I could see shore lights twinkling. A vacant mooring swept past me. It took a moment to realize it was fixed and I was the drifting object. I swam hard with the current thinking, rightly, that *Mazie* and I were both drifting in the same direction and just moments apart, and I could, if I were lucky, overtake it.

Well, that's about the end of the story. Half a minute of hard swimming, close to the end of my endurance, brought me right up to *Mazie*, crosswise in the current. I swam around to the dinghy tucked up under *Mazie*'s broad stern, grasped the dinghy transom with both hands, and kicked myself up and into the dinghy. A moment later, on board *Mazie*, I was lowering the big anchor overboard. The chain rattled out of the locker, over the capstan, and out through the hawsepipe. Not knowing the depth I gave us plenty of scope, then snubbed the chain and took a rap around the bits. I was bushed. Cold, wet, dirty, tired, still scared, and incredibly thankful.

Jack and Frank were quiet when I had finished. I thought perhaps Frank was asleep. Jack said, "Yow, what happened to you could happen to most anybody. And you were alone, too. What does one do to avoid such screw-ups? You know, it's almost like some mountaineering accident with all those ropes and stuff."

Frank straightened up. Not being all that nautical his thoughts turned to the more

human element. "Joe, what did Ian think of your caper when you told him about all this?"

Though my story took place years ago, their questions triggered in me again an emotional undercurrent, like a sound just below one's audible range, a sound that you know is there but you can't hear it, that old uneasiness that comes of waiting for someone. Waiting. Waiting. I hadn't really meant to tell this part of the story, but their questions prompted me to do so.

Jack turned up the kerosene lamp for a little more heat and light and I, being nearest the hatch, slid it all but shut. We were getting cold and I had to finish up.

"Frank, I never got an answer from Ian about my mishap. But let me explain. This story isn't quite over. I wish it were."

The next morning was cheerful enough. Chilly but sunny. I didn't expect Ian that day. I spent the morning getting acquainted with the old trawler. I packed away food properly, hung a bottle of milk over the side to keep it cool. I had a leisurely breakfast, I read books from the ship's library. I decided our anchorage was good enough and the anchor was holding. Later in the morning when it was warmer I went on deck. It was dead calm so I went through the drill of hoisting the main and staysail. I had no intention to sail, or motor, anywhere without Ian but I did want to acquit myself well when the time came. The two of us will have a handful, sailing this old girl, I thought to myself. I read all afternoon.

At five I rowed into the Butt and Oyster. It was deserted. A Monday. I had a Guinness and waited for the kitchen to open up. At 6:00 they made me a nice fish platter with chips. I returned to *Mazie* figuring tomorrow I'd explore ashore as I waited for Ian. I knew Ian's wedding, that is, his sister's, had been on Saturday. I figured Ian would leave Dieppe on Sunday, catching a ferry to Dover, a train to London, and then a bus to Harwich right down the river. He wouldn't delay, knowing that good sailing days were getting fewer. He could be here tonight even. Tomorrow for sure, say, by 3:00.

But he wasn't. At 4:00 the next day I rowed in and asked about for public transportation and was told buses ran from London to Ipswich and people often took a taxi to Pin Mill. Or had a water taxi take them downriver. This struck me as exactly what Ian would do and I hurried back to *Mazie*.

Ian didn't come that afternoon or the next day or the next. He never came at all. I found the harbor master ashore and from him got Ian's uncle's address, a nearby nursing home. I was about to head there when I had a better idea, a call to Ian's sister in Dieppe. I used the friendly bartender/owner of the Butt and Oyster as my mentor as I did my bilingual continental call. Ian's sister wasn't there, rightly so, being on her honeymoon. Her aunt, speaking in clipped English, informed me that Ian never showed up for the wedding. She was angry and it came through on the phone. When I said I was a friend of Ian's she implied I was somehow to blame for Ian's absence. Since I was a total stranger to her, and I knew Ian had left Chamonix, I rang off after a clumsy apology on Ian's behalf. But had he left Chamonix? It was then, and only then, that I had my first premonition of trouble. For Ian. Missed his train? Got sick?

Next day I found his uncle, made only small talk with him for he was obviously not all there, and got his sister's (Ian's mother)

phone number with the help of the social worker. A London number. Back at the Butt and Oyster I placed my call. The clattery buzz that English phones make grated on me. It went on a long time as my anxiety grew. Something bad was about to happen. I could feel it. The toneless voice of the woman's hello instantly alerted me to the message that followed my asking for Ian. "Ian died in a climbing accident in the French Alps last Friday. He wanted one last climb, a little one, a morning exercise. He had to be at his sister's wedding the next day." We talked. I introduced myself and explained myself. I could sense her slowly unraveling. I rang off to avoid her breaking down on the phone. I promised a visit. And now I've got to stop. I'm freezing."

The moon was overhead and shown down through the skylight onto the cabin table.

"Rock climbing and sailing, both dangerous sports I guess," mused Jack. "Best make sure you know where your feet are."

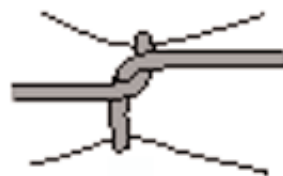
"Or the ropes," added Frank.

Epilogue

I visited Ian's mother the next day but it was a couple of weeks before I talked to Ian's sister, Allison, back in Dieppe. Before returning to the States I wanted to hear details of Ian's death. I wondered why mountaineering and sailing accidents hold such fascination.

Out on the stone jetty in the bright fall sunshine we found a corner sheltered from the wind. We sat there and she told me how Ian was all packed to leave for the wedding that Friday morning when along came two climbing friends, Eric and Peter. They suggested a sort of farewell climb on a popular practice granite outcrop up behind the village hotel. Ian agreed and led off, all three on one rope, and when he got to the top of the first pitch he belayed Eric, who had no trouble climbing up. Eric then belayed Peter just as Ian had belayed Eric. Peter came along a bit slower and Ian used the interval to untie himself from the rope, figuring someone else would lead the next pitch.

When Peter was within a few yards of the other two it seemed obvious that he was safe on the ledge and Eric took him off belay; that is, Eric unsnapped the line from the safety of the carabiner above his head and let the line fall into a nest of coils between him and Ian. Just then Peter slipped, not dangerously, and Ian, in a reflex motion, reached downward to grab him, stepping into the rope coils. The line to Peter fed out quickly over the edge as Peter slipped, then stopped as he caught himself, but not before looping around Ian's boot and pulling him off balance. With one leg yanked out from under him Ian fell toward the rock face. He grabbed for Eric, missed, and, now sliding, he struggled in vain to find a hand hold. Moving faster he slid past Peter, gaining speed, then over the lip of the rock and out into thin air, freeing the half hitch around his boot that, had it not come undone, would have yanked Peter, also, to his death.



International Scene

Tensions over North Korea's recent actions may stifle trade between that nation and its neighbor to the south, a traffic amounting to five million tonnes in the first half of 2006. Sand imports to South Korea are a significant part of this traffic and container volume is just over 5,000 teu a year, mostly carried by small feeder ships.

In France, a national tugboat strike was called off at the last minute as a new tugboat company prepared to start operations at Le Havre, traditionally the sole bailiwick of tug company Les Abeilles. The new company, backed by a tough-minded Dutch towage firm, would have used smaller crews on its five tugs. French authorities spent months throwing up road blocks but a court finally ruled that the new company could start operations.

The marine insurance business is always worrying and looking ahead for problems. Here's one: The global shortage of officers (27,000 by 2015) may cause increases in claims resulting from human error. Over half of the current officers are already over 40 and seagoing careers do not seem to appeal to much of today's youth. Another cause of increased claims could be outsourcing jobs to Asian and eastern European mariners and the resultant cultural language problems, although English is the official maritime language.

Accidents in the Baltic have more than doubled since the turn of this century (151 accidents and 13 oil spills in 2005). Most accidents were caused by human error and the number of groundings has been decreasing while collisions are increasing. About 50,000 vessels trade in the Baltic area each year.

Hard Knocks and Thin Places

In the shallow waters south of New Orleans, the towboat *Miss Megan* and two barges snagged a gas pipeline as they stopped for lunch. The resulting fire killed six but two were rescued.

In China, two cargo ships collided above the Three Gorges Dam on the Yangtze and seven sailors were missing. One ship was carrying 263 head of cattle.

Near the Turkish town of Igneada, the *Magic*, carrying 1,500 tons of cement, took on water and sank. Seven of ten crew members survived.

Salvors refloated the container ship *CP Valour* from a perch next to a breakwater in the Azores after stripping the vessel of its cargo, accommodation block, and engine, but it sank offshore while being towed away. The vessel ran aground last April and was declared a total constructive loss.

In the Bay of Bengal the bodies of 84 fishermen were found after passage of a violent storm that may have sunk about 500 fishing vessels with 5,000 fishermen aboard. The same storm sank a Bangladesh naval vessel.

Mitsui OSK Lines (more familiarly known as MOL) has suffered three casualties this year. Its car carrier *Cougar Ace* nearly capsized off Alaska (but was salvaged), the *Bright Artemis* suffered damage and spilled oil during a rescue attempt, and then its cape-size bulkier *Giant Step* caught fire and ran aground off Japan. The ship rolled on its side and broke in half, and half of its crew of 26 went missing.

About three miles from Karachi the barge *Orient One* capsized and sank. It was carrying 70 tons of furnace oil and authorities, with bad memories of the 67,000 tons of

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

crude oil that escaped from the stricken Greek tanker *Tasman Spirit* in 2003, started cleaning up another oil spill.

Going aground was common and widespread. The freighter *Clipper Lasco*, with 30,000 tons of aluminum ore, ran onto coral reefs off Fort Lauderdale, the second ship this year to abuse those fragile Florida ecosystems.

Near the Brazilian port of Santos the anchor of the bulkier *Commander* failed to hold due to tide, waves, and wind and the ship went aground (it was soon refloated).

At Vancouver, the grain freighter *Krateros* suffered a major malfunction and ran aground in view of thousands. Three hours later five tugs freed the vessel.

In India, the LPG tanker *Kew Bridge* ran aground in heavy rain and bad weather while heading into the port of Ratnagiri.

In the Stockholm archipelago, the container feeder *Arina* ran aground close to the Understen lighthouse after the mate fell asleep.

In the Suez Canal, the partly loaded VLCC *Front Vanguard* touched bottom, forcing the *Suezmax Anna* behind it to take evasive action. Ships go through the Canal in convoys. Somewhat ironically, the VLCC was headed for Come by Chance in Newfoundland.

But not all news was dire. Greek rescuers said they saved all 57 illegal immigrants when their wooden boat sank in bad weather of the island of Kithira.

Yachties weren't safe either. In Long Island Sound, the 49,000-dwt coal-carrying *Barkaid* collided with the 92' sailboat *The Essence* and a female crewmember of the yacht was killed while two others were saved.

Off England, bodies of three of a four-man crew of a 25' sloop were found off the Isle of Wight as well as a fragment or two of boat, and the second mate of the giant ferry *Pride of Bilbao*, which may have run down the yacht, was subsequently arrested and then released.

Gray Fleets

Last spring a French trawler in the English Channel suddenly sank while an NATO naval exercise was taking place nearby. It was first believed that the trawler had been hit by a container ship but tests by a French laboratory showed traces of titanium on the trawler's hawser, and submarines use titanium-based paints. Two British submarines and a Dutch submarine had been players in the exercise but both nations said their subs could not have been the culprit.

Yorkshire fishermen asked for more help from the Royal Navy because of a bitter dispute with French fishermen, who have been trawling nets through areas where local fishermen set shellfish pots. Negotiations with the French, who apparently have been finding rich fishing, have failed.

The British frigate *HMS Iron Duke* paid a courtesy visit to the Cayman Islands but it seemed that the government went out of its way to snub the ship. It said water at the dock was too shallow, then refused permission for the warship to moor in the cruise ship anchorage because the *Iron Duke* could pose an environmental hazard (something about the ship not having greywater storage tanks

or maybe the ship swinging so its propellers could hit the coral). Visitors to the ship did not include any member of the current government. *HMS Iron Duke*, however, was warmly welcomed at its next stops at Curacao and St Vincent.

Off California. U.S. Navy warships and a visiting Chinese missile destroyer cooperated in a SAREX (Search and Rescue Exercise). The *USS Shoup* (DDG-86) and the *Qingdao* (DDG-113) searched for the U.S. Navy's Torpedo Weapons System Recovery Vessel Swamp Fox (TWR 21) which acted as a small casualty. Earlier, off Hawaii, the *Qingdao* had participated in a COMEX (Communications Exercise) exercising high seas communication protocols and then participated with the *USS Chung Horn* (DDG-93) in a PASSEX (Passing Exercise) which focused on basic safety at sea.

As part of a program to help African governments train and equip local troops to combat militants who might want to create safe havens in that vast continent, the U.S. gave Kenya six patrol boats valued at \$3 million.

The Russian aircraft carrier *Admiral Kuznetsov* will rejoin the fleet by year's end after extensive modernization. The ship is capable of carrying up to 26 fixed-wing aircraft and 24 helicopters. Russia is considering building several modern aircraft carriers after 2015.

The Indian Navy will build a second base on the Bay of Bengal, this one between Rambilli and Elamanchili, because the existing channel into Visakhapatnam port is narrow and the port is crowded and narrow. The indigenously built aircraft carrier *INS Hindu* will be based there when it is commissioned in 2012.

And the Indian Navy has ordered a board of inquiry into the collision between the frigate *INS Dunagiri* and the Cyprus-registered merchant ship *Kiti* off the Mumbai Coast. The two vessels were trying to pass through a large number of fishing vessels and the contact was described as a brush with very minor damage.

Elsewhere, India declined to buy eight Sea Harrier FA.2 fighter jets from the U.K. because essential war fighting equipment had been removed and the aircraft were useful only for training. India has operated other Harrier jets for two decades.

An Israeli firm may join with Bell Helicopter to deliver a special type of helicopter for U.S. armed services and a early customer may be the U.S. Navy. The "rotorless" helicopter actually has two rotors but they operate at high speed within the fuselage. The concept is not new but the developers say their helicopter can carry 11 people and operate at speeds up to 150mph.

White Fleets

A woman went missing from the *Norwegian Star* somewhere between Mexico and Los Angeles.

Another woman died from a fall on the *Carnival Conquest* in the Caribbean. She was seen jumping from one of the upper outside decks and landed on a cabin balcony.

On the *Thomson Celebration* off the Island of Guernsey a Filipino crewman died from chest injuries suffered while one of the ship's tenders was about to be hoisted aboard.

Two Americans were sentenced to 90-day jail sentences in Bermuda for having beat up a fellow passenger on the *Norwegian Crown* while on shore at St George's. The dispute involved a woman.

The *Athena* returned to the U.K. from a 24-day Atlantic voyage that involved a hurricane, the death of a 79-year-old man who fell down steps during a storm, a missed visit to Sydney, Nova Scotia, because of a hurried dash to Halifax to drop off the body, delay by authorities at Bar Harbor, an entry refusal at Boston, and an earlier-than-expected arrival at New York. Some customers described the cruise as "diabolical."

A passenger is suing Holland America Line because he paid \$219 for a salmon fishing trip bought on board the *Oosterdam* and could have purchased a virtually similar trip on shore for less and the company failed to notify its customers that the excursion company paid HAL a fee, as required by Alaskan law. HAL said the law did not apply to it because it bought the excursions and sold them to its passengers.

Halifax Shipbuilding will build one, possibly two, small cruise ships for Pearl Seas Cruises of Connecticut. The high-end cruising vessel will accommodate 166 passengers and be delivered in the spring of 2008. Both ships will operate outside of U.S. waters and so are not subject to Jones Act restrictions.

Shipbuilder Lloyd Weft will pay Norwegian Cruise Line euro29 million (\$36.3 million) for the 13-month delay in delivering the *Pride of America*. A severe storm partially sank the vessel at its berth in January 2004.

Ferries

More than 40 years ago whites closed a ferry across the Alabama River to keep blacks from voting. Now a ferry to the tiny village of Gee's Bend is back in operation. Half a million dollars of federal money was allocated in 1995 but problems arose until the federal government made a \$2 million grant two years ago. That vessel was destroyed by Hurricane Katrina before it went into service. Now a ferry is running again. Gee's Bend is famous for the intricate quilts its residents produce.

In Buenos Aires a man climbed a ladder up a funnel of the ferry *Eladia Isabel* and then fell or jumped overboard. He was dead when they picked him up. In May a drunken foreign passenger drowned when he ran off the same ferry and fell into the water through an unused gangway.

In northern Vietnam 19 students on their way to school drowned when their ferry lost power and was sucked into a whirlpool on the Ca River. The boat was overloaded and there have been three accidents at that location in the last year or two, one involving five deaths.

A 90-second demonstration trip to the Toronto City Center Airport on a brand new \$5 million ferry lasted 30 minutes. Apparently the captain suffered an anxiety attack, perhaps when blue smoke from a fireworks display drifted over the vessel and obscured his view. The mate took over but the vessel made several circles in the lake until the boat crashed into the breakwall, scraping its paint. The master and the mate will receive more training before the official opening.

Five Filipino crewmen were saved after their ferry *Harcima-1* ran aground in bad weather off Zamboanga City. Two rescue vessels and a diver were needed.

Nature

Nature is the single biggest polluter of the world's oceans, with 45% of all oil intro-

duced coming from natural seeps of crude oil and gas that percolate up through geological formations beneath the sea floor. Perhaps the best-known seep is off Santa Barbara, California, where the flow equals the Exxon Valdez spill every 6½ years.

While Japan has been preparing for another Antarctic whaling season, so too were its foes. Greenpeace will send two vessels to harass Japanese whalers and the Sea Shepherd Conservation Society has the *Farley Mowat* ready at Melbourne. But when the Canadian-based anti-whaling group tried to buy a second vessel, the *Leviathan*, it learned the ship was registered in Antigua and the government there is pro-whaling. Sea Shepherd is looking for another vessel to register as a yacht.

In the U.K. a 25' humpback whale became trapped on the concrete ramp at a ferry landing in the Humber Estuary and died in spite of rescue efforts.

Legal Stuff

The ro-ro *Fast Independence* was caught trailing a trail of hydrocarbons off Brittany and the master and operator must pay a record fine of euro500,000 (\$625,800).

An equally stiff fine of \$540,000 was imposed on Polar Tankers after its tanker *Polar Texas*, now decommissioned, dumped more than 1,000 gallons of Alaska North Slope crude oil into Puget Sound in October 2004. It took exhaustive investigation to identify the vessel. Polar Tankers is a subsidiary of ConocoPhillips.

The master of the *Zim Mexico III* was found guilty of criminal misconduct after his ship toppled a shoreside crane at Mobile, killing an electrician working on it. The prosecution said the master knew of a defective bow thruster and its failure or nonfunctioning may have prevented the ship from making a turn in the Mobil River without sideswiping the crane. He faces a possible 10-year jail sentence.

Metal-Bashing

A Croatian shipyard launched the *Hoegh Delhi*, the largest car carrier in the world. It can carry 7,000 cars at 20.8 knots. A sister ship is under construction.

British builders BAE Systems and VT Group are talking about merging their shipbuilding operations into a single company called Shipco with assets probably in excess of £1 billion. The Ministry of Defense hopes that such a single national entity will be capable of winning orders against foreign yards and is insisting on progress by December. Babcock, the third major British shipbuilder, does not want to participate.

The International Transport Workers' Federation is drawing attention to conditions at shipbreaking yards around the world. The ITF wants better conditions but distances itself from environmental groups that want to close such yards. An IMO committee is considering a mandatory set of regulations for globally acceptable ship recycling activities and wants the regulations adopted by 2008/9 but the ITF wants the regulations in effect sooner. And even workers at Indian and Bangladeshi shipbreaking sites somehow found representation to ask IMO for regulations to cut deaths and injuries.

Trade group INTERTANKO predicts that tanker owners may end paying to have their tankers scrapped because of the costs of

hazardous material inventories, gas-freeing of tanks, etc before scrapping.

And one place that will not be scrapping ships is Hartlepool in the northeast of England where the local council turned down the application of Able UK to operate a ship-breaking yard. Now Able UK must decide what to do with four ex-U.S. Navy ships moored at Hartlepool that it contracted with the U.S. Maritime Administration to scrap.

Indian ships tend to be old and 56% of the fleet will be scrapped within five years. According to international practice, all ships over 17 must be overhauled and can then serve up to age 25. The international average age of retiring ships is 22 years.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

The secretary general of the International Maritime Organization, a U.N. group, urged shipowners to resist arming their ships with arms to fight off pirate attack because it might aggravate things.

A Vermont firm is developing a "boat trap" for the U.S. Coast Guard. It is a ballistic net that can be helicopter-dropped on a boat to entangle its propeller. The system is expected to be especially useful in situations where gunfire would pose a threat to non-combatants.

Odd Bits

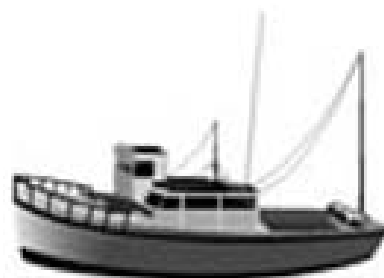
The 137-year-old tea clipper *Cutty Sark*, safely ashore at Greenwich below London, needs extensive rebuilding and this will be funded by £11.75 million from the U.K.'s Heritage Lottery Fund.

South Africa's Marine and Coastal Management has banned rescue helicopters from landing at fishing ports along the coast. Fishermen, the National Sea Rescue Institute, and other governmental departments think the decision is "crazy." The MCM said that ports must have approved helicopter landing zones, basically circles of yellow paint.

The Scottish fishing boat *Helenus* became entangled in its gear and asked for help back to port. The Coast Guard agreed since gales were imminent and put out a call. The giant oil rig *Ocean Prospect*, under tow past the east side of Shetland, was the only responder and the towmaster agreed to allow the 23,000hp tug *Olympic Hercules* to unhitch and tow the considerably smaller FV into port. The rig, meanwhile, drifted.

Head Shaker

The Taiwanese fishing vessel *Isabel III* ran aground in Indian waters while on passage from Oman to Singapore. Establishing a unique Indian legal precedent, an Indian court upheld the internationally recognized right of innocent passage and therefore the 33 fishermen rescued from the *Isabel III* were not guilty of illegal entry into India.



It was August when we decided to build *Why Not*, it was late in December when the keel was laid and my brother and I spent most of the intervening time discussing just what the new boat would be like. An awful lot of hot air was spilled during these discussions, and whether it meant anything, time alone will tell. The pictures, however, may give some idea. They were taken from a model which my brother started early in December and which was exhibited at the Motor Boat Show in January.

You can see just what the boat will look like when she is finished except for slight changes that have been made since the model was completed. An inch scale model is a fascinating thing to work on for every little detail can be shown, such as the hinges on the doors and hatches and the little lock on the chart table drawer. On the other hand, everything has to be done accurately and to scale for the scale is so big that anything wrong is easily detected.

When we had decided on the size and type of boat we were going to build we got up some outline specifications and sent them around to various builders. We asked for figures on both the sea skiff and V-bottom types but I think we always favored the sea skiff. They are probably as easy to drive at speeds under 20kts as the V-bottom, more seaworthy, and have more room inside. Personally, I like their looks when they are designed with a good sheer and other sea skiff characteristics, not ordinary round bottom boats with lap strake planking. Some people don't, but even they will have to admit *Why Not* is good looking. However, the deciding factor was cost, and if you build a V bottom boat right, it runs into money.

After we had decided that Frank Anderson was to build the boat from his own designs, a large portion of our weekends was spent in his drafting room. Frank knows his stuff, he's designed and built all kinds of boats and he has a love of good workmanship that amounts to a passion. So we knew she would be well built. His ideas of design and construction are up to date and he is willing to accept other people's ideas when they're good. Nearly every important line he drew came in for a long discussion, so if there's anything wrong with *Why Not*, it won't be from lack of thought.

One of the features of the old Seabright skiffs we've left out is the box skeg. It makes the construction much simpler to let the flat keel curve up to the transom, and I don't see

Why Not?

By Alan Cromwell Smith
(Reprinted from *Fore an' Aft*, May 15, 1927)

any use in dragging a skeg nearly 3' wide through the water when you're trying to make speed. I like the flat bottom construction, it makes a very light and rigid keel and gives a good planing surface. Our forefoot is a little deeper than most sea skiffs, they all seem to be designed to run way out at speed which looks pretty, but certainly decreases your water line length just when you need it most and can't be very seaworthy.

Another way in which we differ from the usual sea skiff design is that we've got a curved transom with pronounced tumble home. When a stern is as big and conspicuous as the ones most sea skiffs have, it might as well be good looking.

We sketched the cabin layout ourselves and the final design isn't very different from the sketch. The bridge deck arrangement is so nearly ideal for a small cruiser that we insisted on it, even if we couldn't find that it had ever been done on a sea skiff before. But I couldn't find anything inherent in the sea skiff design to make it impracticable; in fact, a sea skiff should have its engines as near the center as possible and this plan allows it to be done without parking the engine all over the living quarters.

Maybe modern (1927, Ed.) engines don't have any smell or noise, but I hate to have oil cans under the table and monkey wrenches in my berth and they're certainly not refrigerating plants on a hot day. If they can run without any work being done on them they're far ahead of the automobile engines they're turning out now. If you do have to grind the valves, for instance, there's a fine mess all over your cabin floor. I'm not so sure, either, that a little oil on a hot manifold, or a flooded carburetor won't smell all over the place.

Anyway, I prefer to keep my engines, gas tanks, lighting plant, batteries, etc. in their own compartment, along with the tools, oil cans, and dirty rags. A hatch in three sections in the deck above will make the engine instantly and completely accessible and two cowl ventilators above the awning will give plenty of fresh air. This is something no one seems to think of in a small boat, but it's no trick at all and only adds a few dollars to the expense.

The forward cabin with its seats that can be made up into uppers and lowers is conventional enough except that we get 6'4" headroom under the carlines. If you think that can't be done without spoiling the appearance of the boat, just look at the pictures. Of course, my brother and myself are both tall, but a 5'6" man has practically no difficulty in standing in a 6'4" cabin. This also gives you wider upper berths, as naturally the higher the cabin top, the higher up the berths can be pivoted.

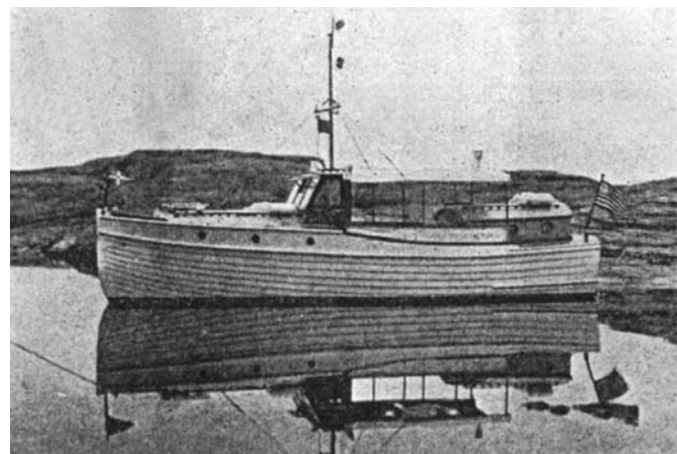
The toilet is in the bow with a large clothes locker, and the galley occupies the full width of the boat abaft the cabin and is separated from the cabin by partial bulkheads. Although it is only 3' deep we get everything in and if there's one place you need completely equipped, it's the galley. A stove, a sink, an ice box, and racks for a couple of plates aren't enough. You've got to find room for all kinds of stores, silverware, tablecloths, cocktail shakers, coffee pots, and a miscellaneous collection of junk, every article of which must have its allotted place.

Some boats even put the galley in the bow, where you don't have any room, and get all the motion and all the smells and never get a chance to talk to the people on deck. Nobody ever fights for the job as cook and you might as well make things as easy for him as possible. I see no point in separating the galley completely from the cabin. An arrangement like ours gives more room to the cabin and more light and air to the galley.

The after cabin will be just a state-room with two made-up berths 6'6" long and 3' wide, plenty of locker room, a small dresser, and a large toilet. It will be a room where you can sleep with as much comfort and as much privacy as in your room ashore and I, for one, can't see why you should forget what little civilization you've been 3000 years in learning the minute you have a little water under you.

Over the engine room there is a bridge deck 7½' long by 9' wide. This doesn't include the seat that extends all across the after end. So you see it's as large as the average after cockpit, but this is up where you can see something and the helmsman doesn't have to squint through a couple of little panes of glass like a submarine officer looking through a periscope. There's plenty of headroom here, too, 6'7" or so, and the top of the glass in front is 6' above the deck so a tall man can stand up at the wheel without bending himself nearly double to see out.

This is a model of *Why Not* built to a scale of 1" to 1'.



A model, but as realistic as the real thing.



There will be a real chart table big enough to take almost any chart folded once, and it will be made of pine so you can stick thumb tacks into it and will have a drawer below to hold your charts and another little one for the dividers and parallel rules. The deck will be clear, without any boxes, tanks, or anything else, even the brass around the hatches will be sunk down so as not to offer any obstruction to dancing. It will be finished bright as it will be protected from the weather by the awning and side curtains and people with hob-nailed shoes can stay ashore.

Everybody who has seen the model thinks our forward cockpit was put there for the exclusive use of people who want to pet, but they don't explain why people should go

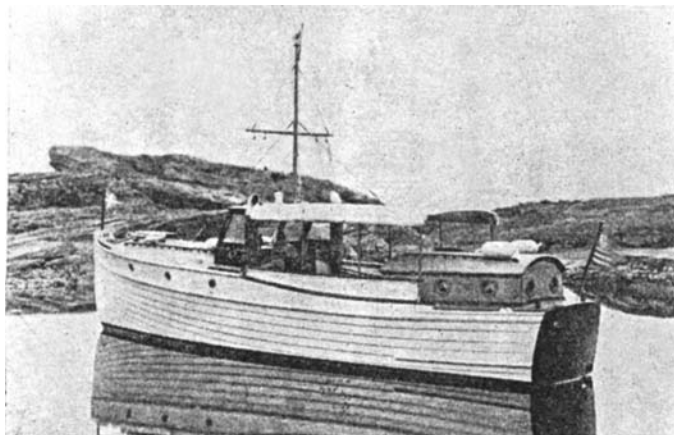
into the most conspicuous place on the boat to do their necking. It does have other uses, though, not the least important of which is that it allows you to use a high crown on your forward deck without getting into trouble finishing it off at the bow.

We're going to get the biggest engine we can afford. It's so much more fun to go fast, and when you have as little time to cruise as we have, you want a boat fast enough to get you somewhere. A hundred horsepower is about our limit. It should drive us over 15 and possibly 18. A hundred and fifty would be better and we could count on over 20, but that is a thousand dollars more, and besides, we don't know yet where we'll get money to buy gas for a hundred horsepower.

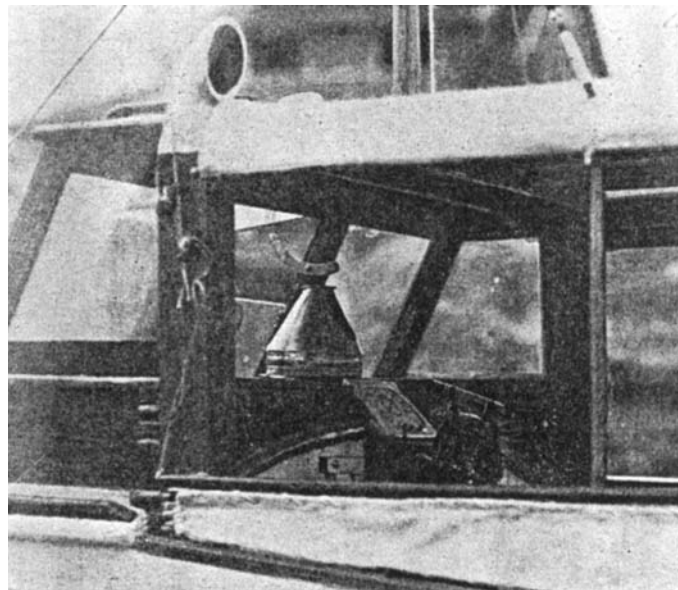
For the present we'll run our lights off the motor but the wiring and fixtures will be put in for 32v, and when we can afford it we'll put in a separate lighting plant.

Why Not is looking more like a boat every day and before long we'll be able to see if our ideas are any good. I don't claim we've done anything new and original, but I do think we've planned a boat small enough and inexpensive enough for anyone to own, faster than most boats, comfortable enough for any coastwise cruising, seaworthy enough for anything you're liable to meet, and one that combines a lot of features seldom seen on boats that aren't considerably larger. It's no use saying you can't get all this on so small a boat. There she is, why not?

The model lying in a quiet cove.



Here is detail. Note quadrant that lifts window, and instrument board.



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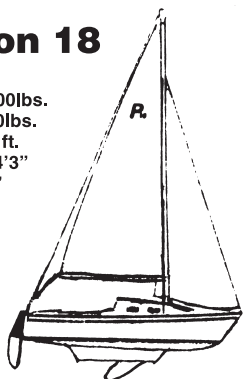
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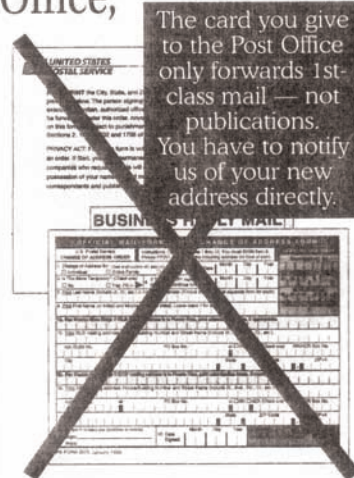
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It is easy to see by going back through old issues of this magazine, old *Small Boat Journals*, and *WoodenBoats* that there are very few small boat builders who had ads a long time ago who are still in business. I kind of keep in touch with a few other desperados. Such a collaboration ain't exactly like Mr. Exxon and Mr. Amoco, and Phillip Morris and R.J. Reynolds, because we have not yet managed to fix the price of handmade skiff boats so that the chairmen of the boards of our small boat building companies can fly home every weekend to some island in the Aegean... in their own jets... not yet. We are working on it though.

One small builder asked me how the Bull Market was treating me. He was in the first stage of this trade, the one where the boat builder loses money for ten years running, and he wanted to know how I managed my customer relations. Our niches didn't really overlap and I didn't think that there would be much chance that he would put me out of business before I got good and ready, so I told him my secret. Now that I am certain that I have strayed off so wild that nobody but a crazy person would want to overlap my niche, I have decided to make my customer relations policy public for the benefit of all struggling skiff boat builders.

It is simple... I chose my customers very carefully. I don't just build a boat for every goo-goo-eyed fool who waves a big sheaf of cash up under my nose. Here is the way my selection process works:

First, I never answer the phone. I don't really understand all the reasons for it but most of the people who call you on the phone ain't got a bit of sense. You can see that for yourself now that they have invented the cell phone. Cell phones have brought the facts out into clear view (unless the window tint is too dark). It is easy to see by all the head wiggling and excessive facial feature manipulation that those people sitting in those cars talking on the phone ought to have never left the privacy of their own houses.

What will happen is that every time you get a cup of dook mixed, the phone will ring and you'll be on the receiving end of a long lesson about the proper offset of the sculling oarlock from the centerline complete with mathematical formulae and the discussion will always continue until that cup cooks off in your hand and wakes you up to the possibility that you can snatch the wire out of the wall without any further explanation.

No boat builder would want to engage in any kind of project with someone who acts like that, maybe a pinball machine magnate would, but no boat builder. You know, it is in the nature of a human being to steer clear of anybody who is wiggling in a car. You don't know what the hell they might be up to. They could just be in synch with the jam or they could be working up to some kind of climactic act... maybe road rage, but whatever it is they don't look like somebody you would want to deal with on a boat job.

That brings up the second thing. Not only do you want to avoid talking to people like that on the phone, you certainly don't want them in the shop. If you were just selling furniture, or high tech toys, or automobiles, it would be easy to put up with all that head wiggling and posturing long enough to get a good grip on the money and push, but the boat business takes a lot of exchanging of opinions and somebody is liable to get all het up among all those sharp tools and blunt objects and get

The Best of Robb White 1997-2000

Customer Relations for the Small Boatshop (Advice for the Professional)

By Robb White

(In the October 1, 2000, issue Rob decided to reveal to his fellow small boat builders how he managed customer relations.)

their head traumatized. Even if you are a good listener and not apt to provoke fits in ignorant people, they are liable to become internally stimulated and cut the piss out of themselves on something like a shutoff bandsaw.

Even if they they stand around with you for two or three days and finally contract for a boat, that just initiates more of the same damn thing... months more (unless you are throwing together three a week like me and my little boy sons used to do back in the plywood days).

Even after a boat has been gone so long that, if it had been a Rolls Royce car, the warranty would have expired, that person will call you and tell you how he pried that boat across the stern roller of a misfit trailer with the winch until the polypropylene line got so hot it fused and he heard a little cracking noise and "is that normal?"

You have to pick them better than that if for no other reason, the advertising benefits. Almost all of our customers are people who have seen one of our boats somewhere and had sense enough to know a good thing when they saw it. Now what kind of an impression would it make if they had seen the same boat in the hands of a ding-a-ling? If the new prospect had any sense at all, he would be afraid to go near enough to examine the boat and ask any questions after he saw all that head wiggling so he wouldn't know how excellently it was built and how wonderful it is to own. Even if the new man was so attracted that he threw caution to the winds and risked an encounter with the owner of the boat, he would be shy about dealing with the builder after he heard what I finally had to do to get rid of all the nuisance after the boat was delivered and the money spent.

Really now, look at the arithmetic. Here you are, a professional boat builder trying to make a living. You have the ability to build the most wonderful manmade object in the world (you might hear some argument from musical instrument and airplane builders but don't pay any attention to it). Despite the advertising hype of big business and the arguments of sideliners, real wood is the still the best thing to build small boats from (I ain't going to get into it right now but I am right) and such a thing cannot be built by unskilled hands.

We boat builders can't just hire some poor desperate illegal alien and hand him the chopper gun, show him in sign language how to squirt at the mold, and then go back in the office to play video games on the computer, we have to build the boat ourselves. Say one

of us can build four a year (I can't do that without running a deficit at the sawmill), by the time you figure the shop overhead, materials, and lost time handling the business paperwork, you ain't got time to fool around with customers who are "educated beyond their intelligence" without having to price the boat right up there with other manmade objects. You have to pick the right ones first-shot-out-of-the-box and give the shoppers the bum's rush.

Which, here is how I do it: In the first place, I stay hid out all the time. It is impossible to find my shop without up-to-the-minute instructions. That weeds out casual curiosity seekers. In the second place, I carefully screen all the ones who make it through the no phone, no address first line of defense, and when I find one who I know is unsuitable, I instantly bid enough to make the same hourly rate on the boat that other carpenters make like, say, on a house job. That'll either scare him off or maybe compensate me enough to make him acceptable despite a tiny personal flaw or two.

Lots of people (unlike me) have such highly developed social skills that it is hard to tell what they are really like without investing too much time in subtle investigation, and every now and then one will make it all the way through the screening process into the shop before he shows his (I ain't going to say his-or-her all the time but there are plenty of unacceptable women, too... you'll just have to interpolate) true colors and then I have to chase him out. It used to take a lot of time and I would get a lot of stuff explained to me before I finally learned the best way to get rid of one of those kind.

You know, it is funny how a boat builder attracts advice. I can't think of any other line of work that is that way. If you let the wrong somebody into your shop and keep on working, that person will soon be breathing down your neck and crowding you so bad that you can't see what you are trying to booger up. When you finally stop, the damned person will explain all that you were doing wrong, "If you would hold that chisel with the bevel up instead of down like you were doing, the line of force would be more in line with the angle of attack and your push would be more efficient... besides, you actually should never put your fingers on the blade as tool steel contains tiny fissures that attract and contain the sweat from your hands by capillary action and that could cause rust."

That kind of thing happens all the time, and not just to me. I have seen that those boat builders who write the books have to put up with such as that. In plenty of other businesses, the medical profession for one, the man can do what he needs to do like he knows best without a single suggestion. Why, people will let a regular tyro straight out of training do no telling whatall to their own person without giving them any advice at all about how to put on a rubber glove.

But us boat builders... I had a man tell me, for 15 minutes why I shouldn't use a quarter to open a paint can one time and he only stopped when I showed him that it was actually a Susan B. Anthony dollar. Despite what y'all might think from all the eloquent opinionating I do, I am not capable of sharp sarcasm or swift repartee. I am a two-step kind of person in a situation like that. First, I am the very soul of congeniality. Second, I got him by the crotch of the ass and the neck of the shirt. That's a dangerous way to recti-

fy a simple mistake in customer appraisal. I ain't got any of my own front teeth on the top anymore.

I finally figured out the solution. I found out that the reason people have too much respect to advise the doctor ain't because they are in awe of his education and financial prospects, it is just that rubber glove. They'll treat you with the same respect as if you were a world renowned proctologist as soon as you put on that glove... and they'll back right out the door at the slightest advance, too.

So here is how to be a successful boat builder just like me. Don't be ashamed of the obsessive nature of your profession... charge the same kind of hourly rate as Mr. Goodwrench and don't forget the overhead (that includes health insurance and the IRA). Don't put up with any foolishness at all... it gives people the wrong impression and actually does them an injustice because they might

come down here and think they can act like that with me and get a knot snatched in their tail.

If we all conduct our business like that, skiff boat builders will have the same kind of control as other professionals who have ganged up on the rest of the world. People will know what to expect when they come to the shop. They won't mind sitting in the waiting room, reading old *Motor Boating & Sailing* and *Cruising World* magazines until you get good and ready to see them, and they'll expect to pay \$250 up front just to watch you put on a rubber glove. Until we conspire enough to fix the public notion so that they know that a handmade boat is worth what it is worth, we can always build furniture or, like me, doors and window sashes. There is plenty of money in that... I can build \$1,800 worth of doors in two days. I also suggest sidelining with a staple gun at the trailer factory... that pays good. Or you can

stack flakeboard on a CNC machine at a furniture factory.

But if you really want to make a make a little regular money, I suggest the boat repair business. That's the nearest thing to the medical profession as boat people can get. I can hear you now... "Better have a seat, Mr. Gotrocks, I have some bad news. We have found some bumps on your stem and are afraid that there has been some intrusion into your core material. We have caught it very early and we have had good success in treating this condition but we'll have to act immediately and it will be very expensive so you better get your affairs in order."

(That's a direct quote from W.T. "Snake" Womble, renowned fishing guide of Recovery, Georgia, delivered as part of a short soliloquy about the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers on the Jack Wingate Show on WPAX, AM Radio, Thomasville, Georgia, at 6:50am on May 9, 2000.

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Anything that you understand thoroughly is always fairly simple. This is true of boat building.

Understand the basic principles of getting out a hull and you'll be pretty sure of coming up with reasonably good methods of getting the job done. And once you've built one boat, the principles will dawn on you. Then you can tackle almost any boat. But it does take work and it does take mechanical horse sense.

Mechanical horse sense is something no written word can supply. You're either born a mechanic or you're not. If you are mechanically gifted you can do well building a boat. But if you have no gift for working with your hands, you shouldn't try boat building. If you can get good cuts with plane, saw, and chisel you can attempt to make a boat with reasonable assurance of success. Thousands do it every year.

Once your first boat is built you'll have the principles of boatbuilding. And after the first one, nothing seems to be too big or too tough for the skilled, amateur to tackle.

The fun of building a boat satisfies something primitive in man. And after launching his first boat the backyard boat-builder can go about dreaming up the next one, for he will have assimilated boat building principles. These principles are few in number and can be easily illustrated and made clear.

Boat building is the process of fabricating wood, steel, aluminum, or plastics into the vessel designed by the naval architect. The builder's problem is to construct the vessel to the size and shape the designer depicts in his drawings. Highly important is this shape.

To get your boat fair and the correct size, you must first prepare a full size drawing of the lines and the main members (keel, stem, transom, knees) on the shop floor. Then these members may be transferred to the actual timber to be cut.

This process of laying down the lines is called lofting. The process of fairing up all sections and correcting obvious errors in the architect's scaling is called fairing. Fairing is done by moving a line here and there so that all cross sections jibe.

Boats are drawn on a scale of $\frac{1}{16}$ full size or $\frac{1}{2}$ full size, or on other scales, so many inches or fractions of an inch equal a foot. In preparing the table of measurements by which the builder reconstructs the drawing full size, the table of offsets, the architect must scale his drawing, take a reading and letter the dimension.

This human transmission is subject to error. The width of an ink line in most drawings when multiplied 16 times in a loft layout can become half an inch off on a loft drawing, maybe more. The fairing process uses the offset table to "box in" all mechanical errors such as this and, of course, obvious ones like the architect getting the right dimension in the wrong offset table column. That can and does happen to the best of naval architects.

The correction of errors is secondary, however. Lofting is done as a convenience for the builder, from your faired drawings you make your full size parts without further reference to printed dimensions.

Your next step is to prepare the rigid framework which will hold this full sized shape you have laid down until all structural elements of the hull have been fastened in place. At the completion of planking you have a hull.

Boat Building Principles

By Weston Farmer (ca 1950s)

At this point any falsework used to preserve the shape while building is discarded. The hull is now a structure in its own right. Into it then go the pieces of wood such as clamps, flooring, cabin and joiner work to complete the job.

To sum up, here are the basic steps in boat building: The lofting and fairing out to full size; next the construction of the building jig, termed a mold in round-bottom boats and a frame in V-bottom boats; then the planking and final installation of joiner work.

Lofting is done on either a painted shop floor, which is most usual in good boat shops, or the lofting job can be done on brown paper scotch-taped to a floor. The baseline for the station lines is usually drawn in with a long straight edge or snapped with a chalk line. The curves are put in with battens, either nailed to the floor or held in place by weights. Good lofting is the inescapable first step. Try to dodge this part of the work, the first step, and you're in for trouble.

Once your boat is lofted and the sections have been faired, the next thing you do to these sections is to subtract the planking thickness from the section lines. The mold sections for a bent frame, round-bottom boat will be made from this inner set of body sections. So also will the sawn frames for a hard chine or V-bottom boat.

It will be well to get this distinction of terminology firmly fixed at this point. When molds are spoken of, it is in reference to the round-bottomed construction, a mold or mould, spelled either way, is the framework around which ribbands of wood are fastened so that steam bent frames can be shaped to the hull. When the word frame is mentioned it is usually in connection with the setup for a V-bottom boat which usually uses sawn frames to preserve the hull shape and which are usually built right into the hull, not being discarded as are molds.

When your boat is lofted and faired, your next step is to transfer the lofted lines to the lumber or timber to be cut. This is done in a number of ways.

If the boat is lofted on a shop floor directly, which is the usual practice in good yacht yards, the shape of the stem, keel, and sections is transferred to template lumber so the outline can be sawed to. This template lumber is usually about $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick.

The lines can be transferred a number of ways. Oldtime journeymen boat builders use a "preacher" for this. See Fig. A which explains the principle. Dividers can be used, also as shown, but a preacher is preferable as the dimension from heel to toe is fixed. A divider must be very rigidly set or it will creep, resulting in baffling errors. After the points are transferred from drawing to template, join the points and draw in the mating line.

Another transferring method is the use of nailheads set along the loft line, but this method is good only in the hands of excellent mechanics. The nailheads are tamped into the floor with a hammer, and the timber for the knee or other part is laid over these nailheads. By tamping the timber in turn, the outline of the part can be impressed in the timber, all points connected by a line, and sawed to.

One advantage of lofting on paper is that you can transfer shaped parts directly through the paper using a bradawl, or a dressmaker's wheel. Another advantage of lofting on heavy paper is that it is often possible for you to loft a 30-footer in a 15' room by doing the forward half first, then the aft half of the boat, using a short mid section to connect the faired ends.

The disadvantage of paper is that it creeps and, in some cases, will shrink in one direction and expand in another. Not too serious if you watch for it.

With the stem cut out to rough shape, and likewise the keel, do you have the wood-working skill to cut the subsequent rabbet and taper the proper bevels? If these details of tool usage are not familiar, you might get a copy of Cliff Bradley's *Building the Small Boat*. That book deals with method and we are talking of basic principles here.

Once the backbone elements of stem, keel, apron, transom, etc. are got out, most of the heavy "noodling" is over and the battle is half won. The next step after lofting and cutting of major parts is this, erect and hold in place the mold, in the building of a round-bottom boat or the frame in the case of a V-bottom. There are dozens of ways to do this.

First, let us run through the mold erection of a round-bottom hull and then later come back to the V-bottom system.

In the drawing, Fig. 1, the preliminary erection of the backbone and the midship mold has been carried out. All planes about which a hull is shaped are aligned: The keel, stem, and the transom are plumb in the vertical plane. The waterline is level to the loft floor. The keel has been set on stocks which extend at each section point the dimension necessary to reach the floor, or baseline. The midsection or midship mold has been "plumbed and horned." This term means that all is fair and square.

Plumbing of the molds means that they stand 90° to baseline and to waterline. Also, that the centerline is actually plumb above the keel. Horning means that the mold is square athwartship. Plumbing and horning means that all planes are at 90°, all square, and that the mold is level and without twist or, as boat builders call it, "sny."

The preliminary mold set up at Fig. 1 is then filled out as at Fig. 3. This view shows the molds erected, plumbed, and horned, ready to have the ribbands fastened in place. The fastening of the ribbands is called streaming, a term used by boat builders to lay a thing in fair so it flows about the hull shape. The ribbands are streamed in at about 6" to 12" spacing. It is about these that the frames are steam bent.

A word later about steam bending but first notice that the keel of our boat is supported on stocks and is kept from traveling off the stocks by cheek pieces which a boat-builder calls hutchocks. Stocks can be toenailed to the shop floor or cleated down. Or, if the boat is built outdoors as can be done in a dry climate, stocks are simply driven into the ground and lopped off at proper height by template. The hutchocks prevent movement due to pounding, climbing and clamping down of frames.

Fig. 8 shows how the frames of steam-bent oak are bent into a hull mold. This view shows the use of the ribbands in helping to clamp the steam-bent frame in shape. Fig. 9 shows the Fig. 3 job pretty well along in construction: The frames have been bent in

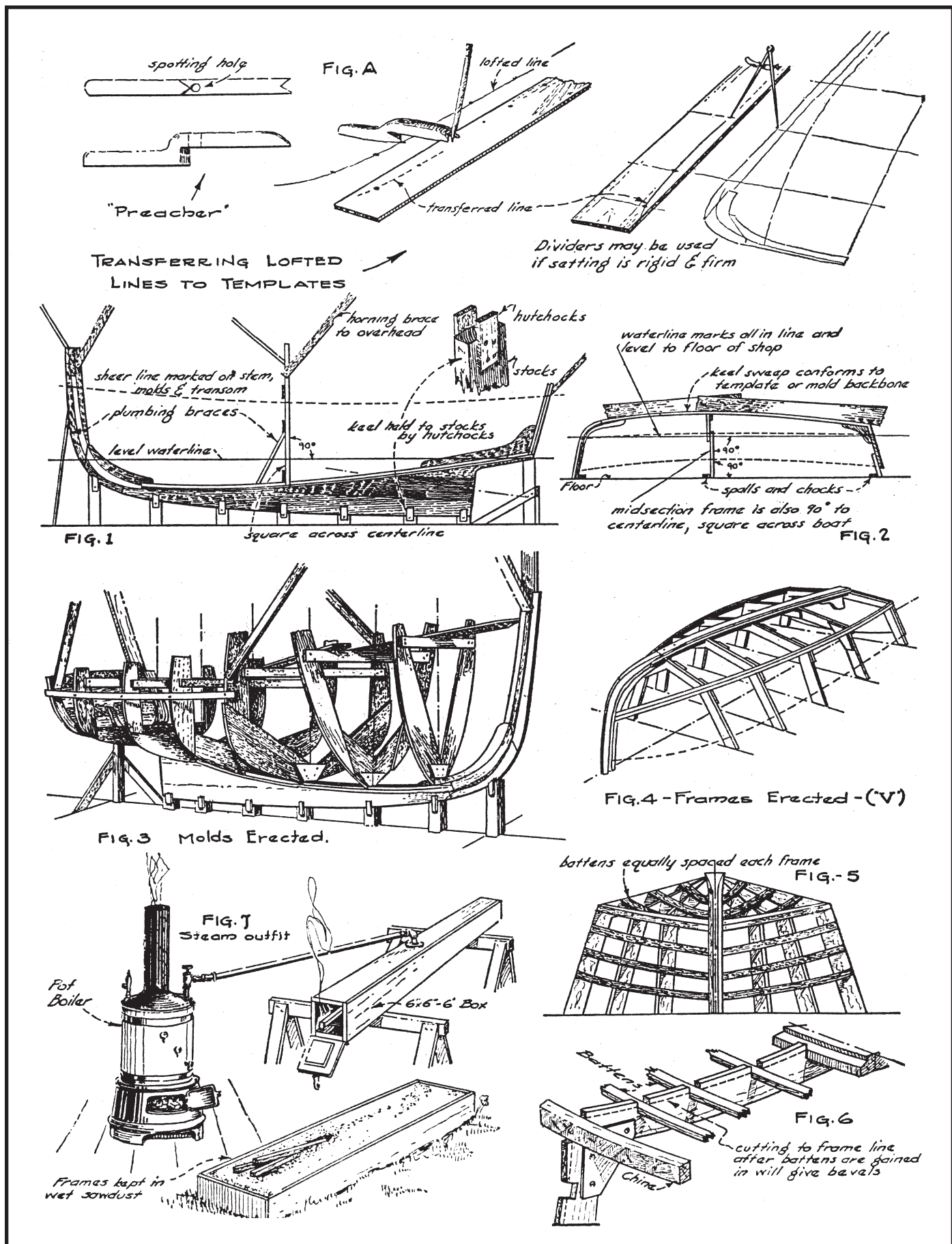


Fig. A sketches the manner in which lines from the lofted drawing may be transferred to templates. Fig. 1 shows the keel and stem for a husky round bilged craft as set up on stocks and hutchocks. Fig. 6 shows how frame bevels in a seam-and-batten job can be easily cut right on the frame after it is set up.

about the ribbands, the garboard plank next to the keel has been secured in place.

Next, the sheer strake has been secured and the hull has been planked down toward the turn of the bilge. A strake has been left out just above the garboard strake. This is called the broad in boat building parlance. It is usually left out until the hull is close in because this makes cleaning out chips and shavings thereby much easier.

As the planking progresses, the last plank put in is called the shutter. Often this is called the whiskey plank for no better reason than in some yards the bottle of grog is passed and all hands take a pull.

Fig. 9 shows sufficient progress for the beginner to grasp the procedure from the sidewalk superintendent's point of view. The hull is, of course, planked out, planed, then caulked, sanded, and primed with the first coat of paint. That covers the basic procedure on round-bilged hulls. The molds, of course, are not necessary now and one by one are pulled out as the interior building goes along.

When you come to bending the frames, blessed are the uses of steam! The professional boat builder who can call himself a journeyman will always prefer to build a round-bilged hull because for him it is easier. He can make that useful tool, the steam box, say "Uncle." Those who have not used steam will shy away from it, preferring to build the more obvious built-in frame of the V-bottom type.

Fortunately, no two men think alike on boat building matters, which keeps the game changing. But you'll find that among men who have actually earned their living at the trade of boat building, the preference is for bent frames, the molds don't have to be faired and beveled to such accuracy, and the ribbands fair the job in. Also the steam-bent frames almost always bevel themselves in so that preparation for planking takes less time. So, a word about steam bending. There is no mystery about it, anyone who can boil oatmeal can do it.

Steam bending is merely the art of getting wood hot and wet heat is best. Usually oak that is cut green and sized and stored in wet sawdust will be best. Air-dried oak, if soaked, can be used but sometimes may fracture. Kiln dried wood is no good at all.

The steaming process is simple: A wood box, reasonably steam-tight, is prepared. Into this is piped steam at atmospheric pressure. The frames are put into the steam box and the steam gets the frames hot. One by one they are snaked out and rapidly bent into place, nailed or screwed to the keel, clamped to the ribbands as they are bent, and, with considerable overbend in them, they are allowed to cool back into place.

Wood that would flay a mule becomes rubbery and docile. Working with leather gloves and speedily fastening in, a crew of two or three men can frame out a 30' cruiser in one day. I have repeatedly framed out a 16' rowboat alone in my shop in half a day.

When I learned the trade many years ago it was usual to apportion the work on a piecework basis. In clinker boat building we got \$8 for planking the boat, \$4 for framing, \$4 for trimming out. Bending the frames was the moneymaking end of it. It went fast.

Boiling will often do as well for frames up to 1"x1" but above that steaming is better because it is hotter.

The outfit I use in my shop is shown in Fig. 7. A small boiler holding a few pails of water will steam up a batch of frames from a

cold start in 45 minutes. And I think it much better than pipes filled with water and buried in a fire or a teakettle over a blowtorch as recommended by some. Still, any steam is better than no steam at all.

The methods of securing joiner work usually appear in the designer's drawings. So having dispensed with the basic principles of producing a round-bilged hull, let us now return to the comparable steps in producing a V-bottom hull. See Fig. 2.

This shows the usual preliminary shop erection for an average sized V-bottom boat. Note that the basic condition of framing is being observed here: The keel is set up so that it is in line in the vertical plane, the mid-ship mold is in place to satisfy plumbing and hornng conditions. You may see all sorts of variations of these floor or stock setups. But just bear in mind that all of them are a means to one end, to preserve the planes in correct relationship to each other.

Fig. 4 shows the frames for the V-bottom boat set up and in the same comparable condition as the round-bilged job in Fig. 3. The beginner will note that these frames are sawn to shape to the inside of the planking. Also that the chine piece has been streamed in, fastened and trimmed to proper bevel for planking.

In a V-bottom boat the next step is usually to cut the gains into the frame for the battens. Let's get the terminology of this right. Designers who have never built a boat sometimes refer to the gains as "notches" or "pockets," thereby confusing the uninitiated. A notch is something you cut in your gun when you kill a man dead or something you cut in the wale of your boat to mark where you dropped the fishpole overboard. I suppose a "pocket" properly goes with pants but it does not mean mortise. That is something different.

A mortise is a blind hole in joiner work, usually oblong or square, into which a tenon of wood is glued. But any cut through a piece of wood to allow another to pass through it is called a "gain" and is so referred to by anyone who has served an old-fashioned apprenticeship with tools.

The gains for the seam battens in a V-bottom boat are usually divided or so spaced on the frames as to give each plank equal width. That is, on the mid section frame the spacings are all equal but greater than they would be forward where the distance from chine to keel is less. The seam batten size will be nominated by the designer.

Fig. 6 shows a good dodge for producing evenly sunk batten gains and securing the proper frame bevels, don't saw the raw frame down to the exact frame line, but allow a little stock out beyond the final trim line. The gains are sunk to an exact proper depth, then the battens are streamed into the gains and fastened down with the usual one screw per gain through the batten into the frame. When the battens are sunk home, the frame can be beveled very easily by planing off the excess wood. The run and flow of the battens will clearly show the bevel without recourse to complicated lofting.

As in most boats, the garboard plank is fastened on first in the V-bottom. This plank is a great stiffener. From the garboard the hull is planked out to the chine and from the chine up. There is little need to skip about in planking the V-bottom. The battens stiffen the frame sufficiently.

How is the shape of each plank obtained? Bow are planks fastened? What keeps the

seams tight? These are usually the questions asked after the round-bilge frame and the V-bottom frame principles are understood.

The shape of each plank is obtained by spiling. This is the name for the mechanical process of determining the run of the seam edge on a twisted or snyed plank and converting this seam run to the flat board from which the plank will be cut.

It is obvious that you cannot just cut a straight edge in a piece of lumber, call it a plank, and then slap it on a hull and expect it to fit. The plank has sny to it and a straight edge will, when the plank is fastened down, take a violent sweep up or down.

In Fig. 10 I have taken the planked V-bottom boat for simplicity of illustration. You will notice that a thin sheet of template lumber, usually about $\frac{1}{8}$ " to $\frac{3}{16}$ " or $\frac{1}{4}$ ", has been tacked down flat to the sny or twist of the hull. This template sheet is straight on a flat surface, but when bent will sweep as shown. Use dividers, rigidly set, to transfer a fixed distance from the edge of the rabbet to the spiling template.

When you remove the template, join the points by a line which will have what appears to be a peculiar sweep. Then tack this spiling template on the plank lumber and saw out the spiled line. When planed, you have the garboard plank to just the right shape that will bend over the hull and fit the rabbet landing. Usually one or two initial tries will enable the novice to get the hang of the thing.

On round bilged hulls, all planks are spiled out. On V-bottom hulls, after the garboard is screwed home, the distance from the seam edge to the middle of the next batten will serve as a guide for initial fitting, but if you want your shape right the first time, spile 'er.

Usually the V-bottom boat is screw fastened. This is done either by running the screws flush to plank face and planing afterward, which is Fancy Dan stuff for bright finished boats, or by countersinking about $\frac{1}{8}$ " as the screw is driven, plugging with white lead putty or some patented seam gunk before sanding.

In high quality boats, such as mahogany runabouts, the screw hole is counterbored for mahogany bung plugs. These are wooden dowels of the same wood as the planking and about $\frac{1}{2}$ " long. Dipped in shellac, with the grain running with the plank, they are softly tapped home and the shellac allowed to harden before the bung is clipped flush to plank with a sharp chisel. Bungs can be bought in all sizes from marine supply houses. Here also you can buy drills that will pre-drill for screws and countersink for bungs all in one go.

Invariably the screws in all boat construction must be pre-drilled to the root diameter of the screw and from half to a full three quarters of screw length to avoid splitting. A split from a driven screw is a leak that's hard to find.

Fig. 11 shows the standard method of fastening planks to V-bottom boats. There are variations, of course, according to local custom and shop, but the method shown is usual.

The novice will build his boat with planking too wide. This is not good. Strakes of narrow width will last longer and stay tighter. Four or five inches at the widest, perhaps six, and two or three at the narrowest is the usual professional rule.

In round-bilged boats there is great latitude in fastening. Some of the more usual methods are shown in Fig. 12. These section-

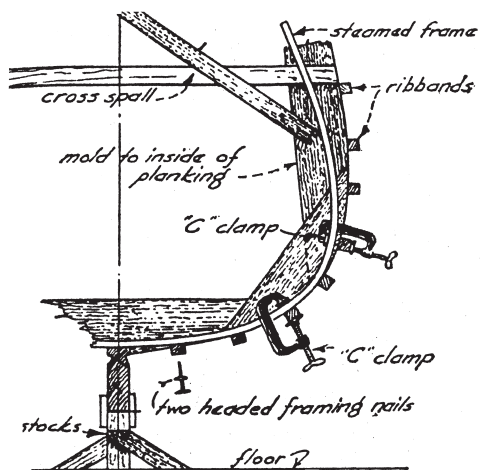


Fig. 8 - Steam Bent Frame

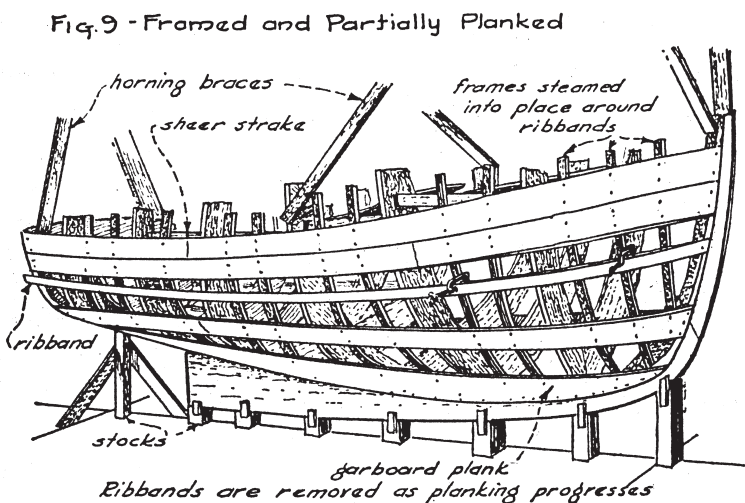
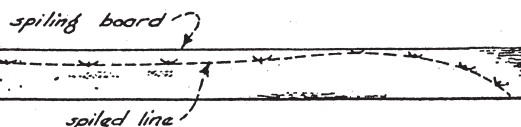
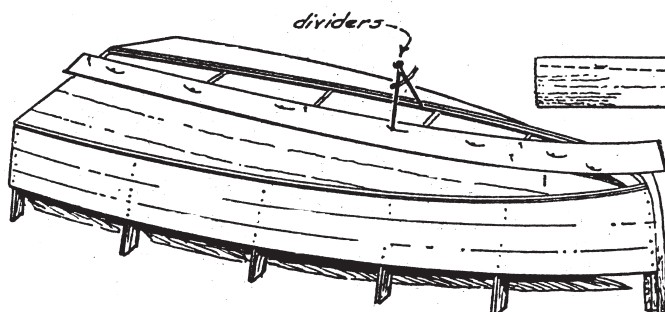


Fig. 9 - Framed and Partially Planked



The spiling points are connected by a fair line. The resulting outline gives true shape for plank.

Fig. 10 - Taking a "Spiling"

Fig. 11

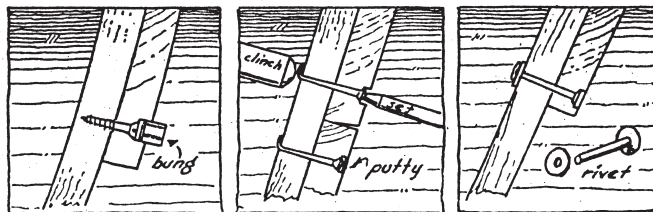
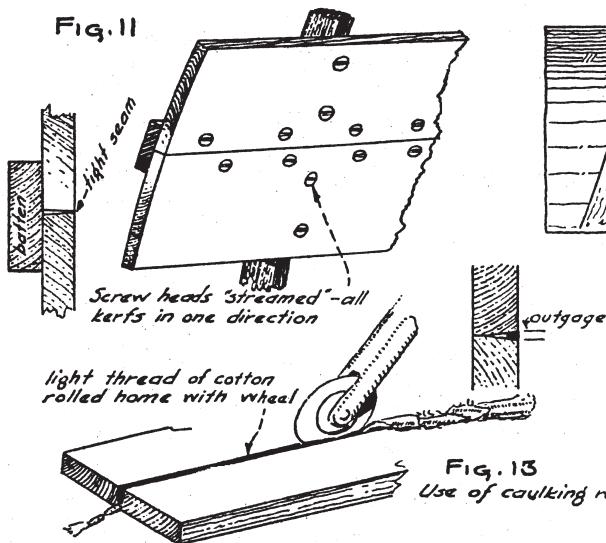


Fig. 12 - Types of Plank Fastenings

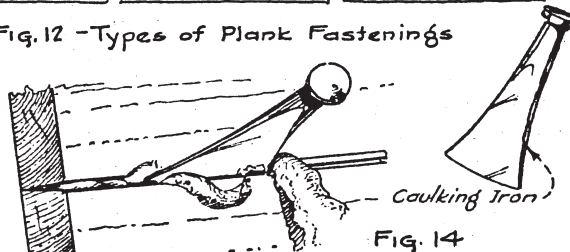


Fig. 13
Use of caulking roller

Fig. 14

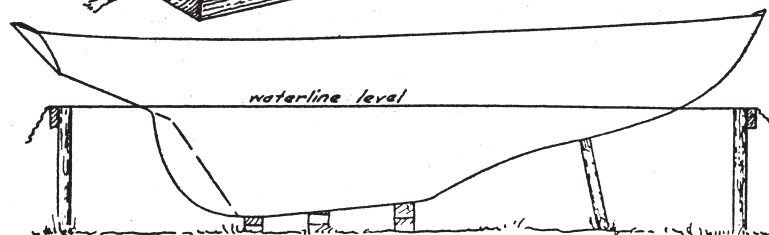
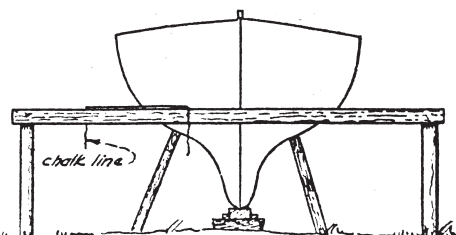


Fig. 15 - Showing use of batter boards and chalk line to strike in waterline



After the molds are set up, ribbands are streamed from stem to transom as shown in Fig. 8. Clamps are used to bring the steamed frame out to the ribbands and the frames are held to the ribbands during planking by two headed framing nails. Fig. 10 graphically shows the principle of spiling a plank so it will fit.

al views are self explanatory. Further detailed description is carried in any of the encyclopedic boat manuals, and the beginner should arm himself with at least one copy.

How is a hull kept tight? Either by caulking with seam gunk as in the case of the lightly-built plywood type of boat, or by a compressed seam which is often used in seam-batten boats, or by good, old-fashioned cotton caulking rolled in with a wheel, as in Fig. 13. The inner edge of the seam is fitted tight, and an outage of from $\frac{1}{8}$ " to $\frac{1}{4}$ " is provided to lightly roll in a thread of cotton, after which the seam is puttied and sanded. In larger hulls with thicker planking an outage of from $\frac{1}{8}$ " to $\frac{3}{8}$ " is provided on planking from 1" to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ " thickness, and cotton is caulked in lightly with a caulking iron, as shown in Fig. 14. All seams get the putty treatment.

Waterlines often stump the beginner. Fig. 15 illustrates the best way to get a straight, true waterline before launching. Batter boards are set up level and chalk string used to snap a line which can then be graved in with a hook knife, called a race knife. This then rounds out the basic steps usually unknown to the novice.



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One old man
and one new boat
out for a shakedown,
first time afloat.

The boat is a canoe,
a small one at that,
made for one person
so what should we do?

Shove off with the paddle
clear of the shore,
waist deep water,
time to learn more.

Kneeling in the bottom,
roll the boat some
a little side to side.
This should always be done.

With the paddle as a brace
the boat rolls a little more,
feel if the boat firms up.
Sure beats loosing face.

Bring it up level,
Let's see if it can go.
Hope it's not slow.

Slide the paddle into the water
and draw it toward the stern.
The boat moves forward
just like it oughta.

Slice the paddle forward again,
this time knifing thru the water.
The boat gains some speed
as I pull again to move the new steed.

A slight twist at the start of the stroke,
the boat can be turned
to port or to starboard
just as I yearned.

A bit of a draw,
then back stroke.
The boat stops dead,
a simple order from this bloke.

Give it a sweep and
now what can I say?
It's pointing the other way.

Back up on the seat,
time to try some sit and switch.
One two three change,
one two three change.
This boat moves without a hitch.

The bow wave grows
with every stroke.
This boat can, really go,
she's not a slow poke.

Push a little harder,
the boat gets caught in her own waves.
She has told me how fast she wants to go,
she moves well, really not slow.

She has passed my test.
She will be a part of my fleet.
Now that I own her
she will get very little rest.

Bob Hicks is the most positive, encouraging editor I have ever worked with, and he has told me to keep writing, this time on non-tidal forces that change sea level and produce interesting currents, and other things that come to mind.

To me, storm surges might be the most fascinating. I bet most of us have experienced or heard of them, most likely, but not exclusively, in connection with hurricanes. In this scary scenario two factors are at work, and when these combine with tidal effects, can be devastating in coastal areas.

When a strong wind blows over the open sea the waves march along at surprising speeds but the water itself moves in an elliptical fashion, a particular "parcel" of water returns nearly to its original position as the wave passes. We have all observed a small floating object merely bobbing up and down, more or less staying in place. However, the drag forces of the wind on the sea eventually set the water in motion, somewhat to the right of the downwind direction in the northern hemisphere.

For a constant wind, producing a fully developed sea, the final wind-driven current is about 2% of the wind speed. So if you are butting into a headwind that's been blowing at 25 knots for several days, expect a set due to a wind-driven current of about 0.5 knots, small, but it will add to your misery, and since the current will be anywhere from 20° to 40° to the right of the wind, the port tack will be create more leeway while you will be slower on the starboard tack in the northern hemisphere.

"Going to windward is the Waterloo of the small boat," John Atkin is reputed to have said, and I am sure you have felt this keenly when butting into a head sea, those wind-driven currents are one more woe felt at those times.

The study of wind-driven currents has, at times, been aided by fortuitous but unfortunate events. There have been several cases where storms swept containers off the deck of ships and the arrival of the floating contents at various beaches downwind from the scene of the crime allowed oceanographers great insight into the movement of the surface waters. A case I remember, and perhaps even reported by Hugh Ware, was a shipload of Nike sneakers that went by the board in a storm in the northern Pacific. They started arriving at Oregon beaches about six weeks after their unplanned jettisoning, but to the dismay of beachcombers, only left shoes arrived, the righthand ones ended up hundreds of miles away!

When this wind-driven water moves onto the shore it piles up, the vaunted storm surge. It will dissipate as soon as the wind eases or changes direction, as when the storm passes inland, but by then the damage is done. Surges can be predicted pretty well these days, models take into account winds, barometric pressure, bottom topography, and basin dimensions.

Scientists claim they modeled the surge from Hurricane Isabel (2003) pretty well. She was only a tropical storm when she reached the Chesapeake Bay. Water levels rose up to 8' above tide level in some upper Bay locations, that's a lot for the Chesapeake. Residents, however, were caught by surprise. Yet, had the storm been of a strength like Katrina, the surge could have been up to 20' instead and that would have been truly devastating.

Tides and Non-Tides Part IV

By Hermann Gucinski

Surges are amplified when the barometric pressure is low, and while the relationship is complex, the rule of thumb is about 13" of water rise for a 1" drop in barometric pressure, less in the tropics for reasons I can't begin to fathom. When all these add to a high tide just as the storm reaches your neck of the woods, you are in trouble. The devastation wrought by Katrina and the 1906 hurricane in Galveston, Texas, are legendary.

Surges are less pronounced where waters are deep right up to shore. Lake Ontario shows small surge effects while Lake Erie, with an average depth of only 58', has pronounced surges. Water level rise up to 6' is not uncommon in the vicinity of Buffalo, New York, and a corresponding drop is seen in Toledo, Ohio. When the wind force abates, the water runs back, but just as in a full wash basin that is lifted slightly and then set down, the water sloshes back and forth for some time before settling down.

In a lake, this sloshing is called a seiche (pronounced seesh) and can be quite remarkable for Lakes Erie and Michigan and other water bodies. It will come as a shock to those unfamiliar and happy to see the initial high water recede, only to have it come back with a vengeance. Basin dimensions and bottom depths determine the sloshing period of a seiche, for Lake Erie it's around 12 hours.

I won't get into tsunamis in detail here because of the extensive coverage the tragic consequences the December 2004 Sumatra tsunami received, except to mention this. Often the arrival of the tsunamis is signaled by receding water instead of the onrush of the sea. I found few good explanations of this. The one I liked best is this, if the source of the tsunami is an ocean floor uplift that produces the earthquake triggering a tsunami, then the leading edge of the disturbance is the wave crest, rising water arrives first. If it is a drop, the trough of the waves arrives first.


More often then not the disturbance is asymmetrical or at an angle and the shoreward tsunami will lead with a trough, while the seaward motion (the wave moves out in all direction from the disturbance, just as that of a rock thrown into a pond) will be the crest. However, waves can bend (refract), reflect, and even diffract, so what happens when a tsunami arrives at any particular point is up for grabs. Just stay offshore in very deep water if already there, or get inland and up high if near or on shore. Don't do what the citizens of Cannon Beach, Oregon, did during a test of the tsunami warning system, go the beach to see what everybody else was doing there.

"Maelstroms, tidal eddies, boomers, and suck holes," you ask? Maybe we should let Reinhard Zollitsch tell us about those. He's seen 'em, been in 'em, or narrowly avoided 'em.

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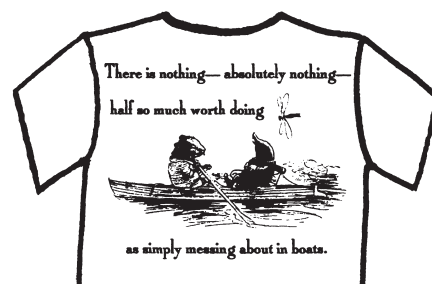


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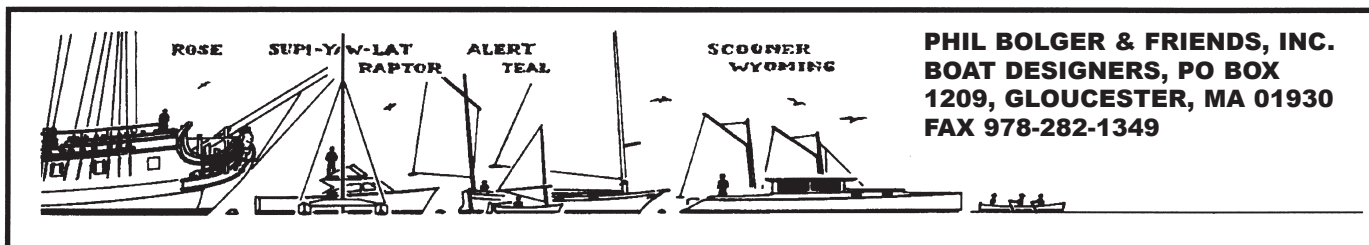
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In the November 15 issue a steam launch built on a hull of our design was mentioned in passing. It happened that around that time we were being consulted about a steamer being built to try out and demonstrate a novel steam engine and boiler designed by an acquaintance for a Third World project. We were interested because, while this machine is inefficient by all the usual standards (as all external combustion engines are), it was extremely efficient for a particular service on account of its fuel needs and service tolerance.

Both these boats are on full displacement hull shapes that no amount of power would drive at high speed. This is the usual procedure among steam enthusiasts with rare exceptions and is usually, if not always, sensible. High speed with steam power was the province of medium-size vessels. There were 30kt torpedo boats in the 1890s but they were 150' to upwards of 200' long. Some smaller steam launches were built in the same period, but by the middle 1900s they were being outclassed by the increasingly powerful and reliable gasoline engines. The shift is usually dated to the defeat about 1905 of Herreshof's best effort at a fast steamer by a gasoline racer in a much publicized race at Newport.

A less well-known effort to keep steam competitive is shown in the photos of *Cero-II* (from *Rudder* magazine, August 1910). This boat was entered in a series of races in the Midwest and was clearly an attempt at a planing type. Her trim suggests that the hull could have been improved on but she came second in her class in the racing against the gasoline-powered racers and ran

Bolger on Design Fast Steam Launch

Design #388

26'0"x4'3", 1100lbs Displacement

the fastest straightaway mile of the series, 32.9mph. After those two incidents all the development effort went into internal combustion for small craft. The design shown here, which had the "drawing board" name of Firebrand, was commissioned for sporting motives as follows (quoting from my 1982 book *30-Odd Boats*, which is long out of print):

"Harcourt Hervey had an engine and a boiler and an acquaintance had an 11kt steam launch that Hervey wished to outrun. I agree with Albert Hickman's argument that this box section hull is the fastest possible with the kind of weight and power in question. Readers can decide whether it does any harm that this is also the quickest and cheapest to build of any boat shape.

"Problem: To carry a 225lb boiler, a 125lb engine, a 60Ah 12v battery (to operate the oil-fired burner), 10 gallons each of feed water and Diesel oil, and a 150lb driver at 12kts with 6hp (the engine was rated 15hp but the boiler was not thought to be fit for as much pressure as would be required to produce that power). The horses are muscular, developed at 600-650rpm. The owner had an 18" diameter by 36" pitch Michigan propeller, proportions harking back to long ago

times when low-speed engines had to drive fast boats.

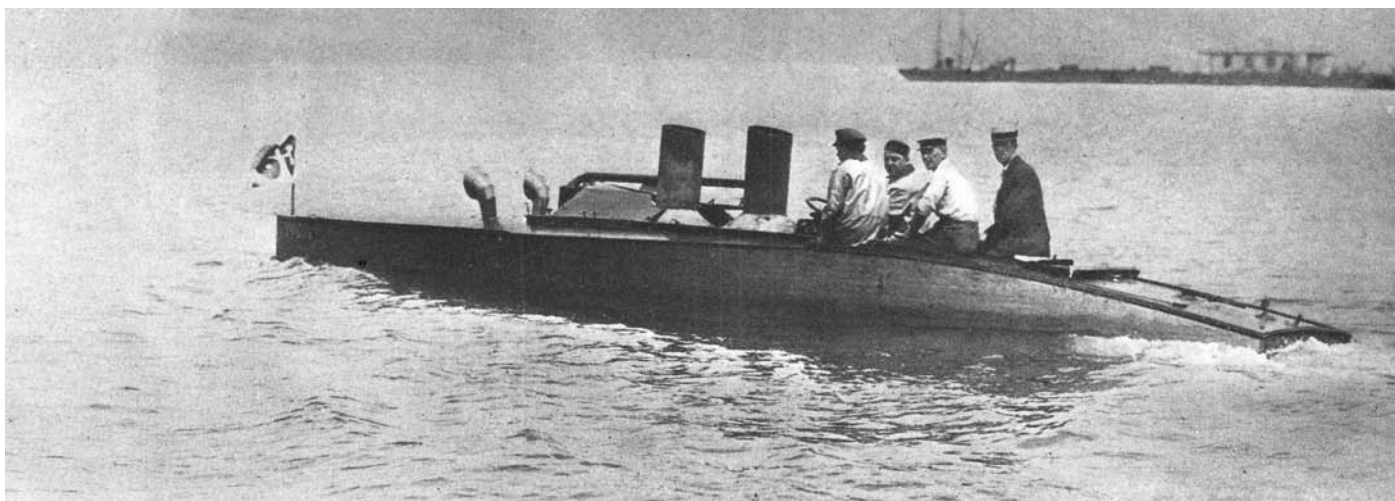
"All that was needed was to design a hull with enough bottom area to float on top of the water, there being no power to spare for lifting her onto a plane. Then put the weight fairly well aft so the entrance lines can meet the water at small angles. Putting the boiler in the stern took care of this neatly and got it out of the driver's lap. Outside tube condensers were mentioned. I insisted on shrouding them and once the point had been raised the owner devised a much neater flush installation."

After all, the boat was apparently not built; at least, I heard no more from the client and assume that I would have been told if she had either succeeded or failed. But I used the same hull shape for Design #435, Sneakeasy, with a more robust hull construction and more freeboard taking advantage of the lighter weight of outboard motors. Many Sneakeasys have been built and their performance bears out the prediction for Firebrand; for instance, 18mph with 18hp. Another case of steam not being competitive with advanced internal combustion. A current four-stroke outboard motor may not be as quiet as a sophisticated steam engine, but it's not offensively noisy and there's no comparison in first and running costs, weight, and general handiness.

Plans of Firebrand, our Design #388, are available for \$75 to build one boat, sent First Class mail, from Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930. Plans of Sneakeasy, Design #435, are the same.

Cero II, owned by Robert Deming, Cleveland, Ohio.

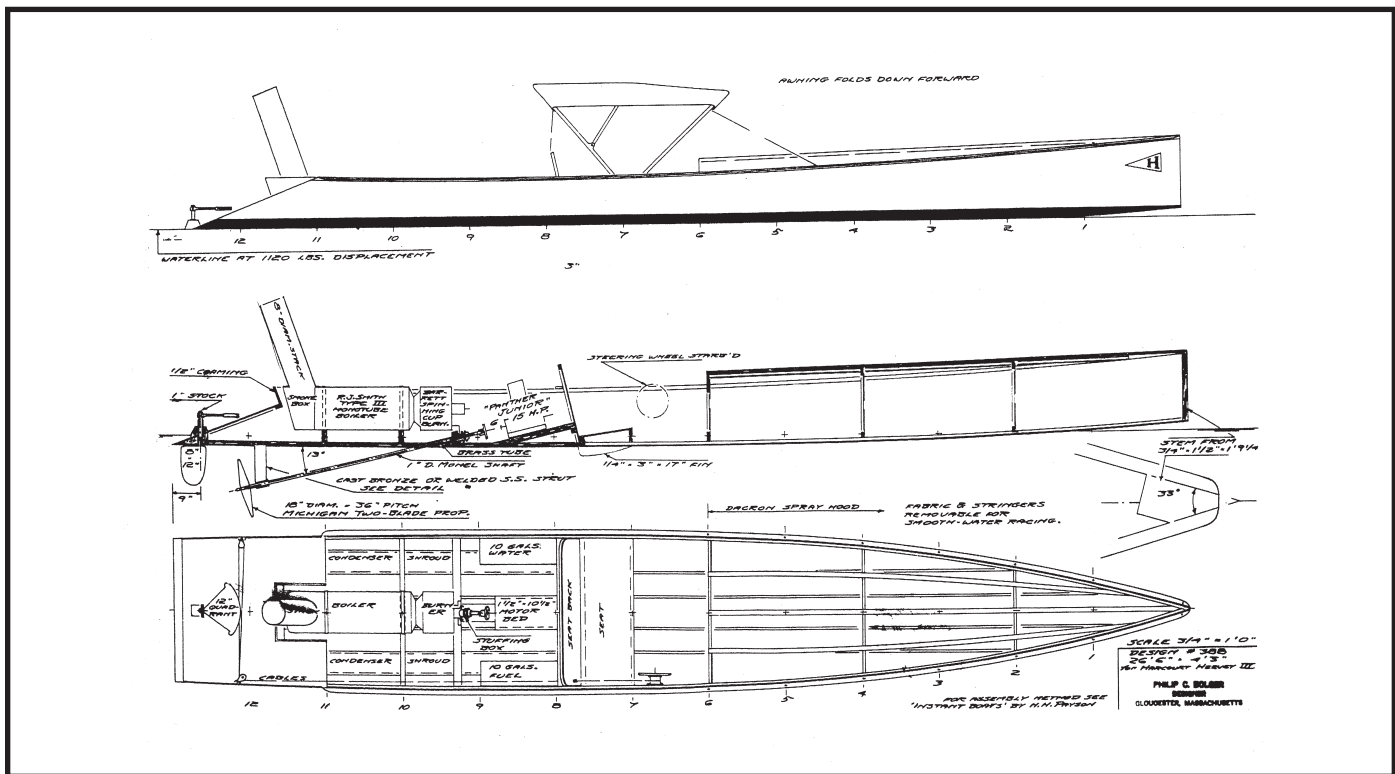




Cero II, the steamer, winner of the Mile Trials. Average speed 32.9 statute miles per hour.^{a)}



Sneakeasy.



At some point a friend, relative, or a person at a social gathering will ask you for a recommendation on the type of boat they should purchase. Every time I get this question I have a standard response, "What do you want to do with the boat and where do you want to do it?" I have found, from experience, that the primary criteria for a successful boat acquisition are the suitability of the craft for the intended use and the nature of the predominant waters on which it will be used.

Additional considerations are the type of propulsion (sail, power, manual) and where to keep the boat when not in use. I advise the questioner to look at the local boats, talk to their owners, and get a ride or two on the type of boats that seem most compatible with the intended use. I know a number of people who did literature research and read all they could but did not go out on any boats of the type they had decided to purchase. Most of these people ended up with the wrong boat and either sold it or did not use it very much.

A source as to boat types suitable for an area is Howard Chapelle's *American Small Sailing Craft: Their Design, Development, and Construction* (1951: W.W. Norton & Co., Inc.). Even though the hull types are old and the questioner may not be into sailing craft, the hull choices and other information concerning a boat developed for a specific area should be of assistance in the boat selection. I recommend a review of this book's material because building wooden boats took time and no commercial sailor wanted to waste time and/or money on a craft that was not efficient for the waters and conditions where it was to be used.

Intended Use

Near the top of the list is the suitability of the vessel for the intended use and the nature of the predominant boating area. A boat is a compromise of design and desire (or form and function if you wish) and a boat suitable for offshore waters may not be what is wanted for inshore and lake boating. And the reverse is also true. My wife and I have owned a number of different boats over the years ranging from an Optimist Pram to a Sisu 26. Along the way we have had power, sail, and paddle-powered boats. Each boat was acquired for a reason and was sold when that use no longer existed. Only four were new. The rest were used and/or salvage. This approach allowed us to try out a number of different boat designs and learn what did, and did not, work for us.

From these experiences my wife and I know that the suitability of a boat is not based solely on the size of the boat but also on the intended use and the nature of the predominant boating area. A large boat is more stable, has more room, and takes more maintenance (time and money) than a smaller boat. Likewise, boating on a medium-sized lake requires a different boat than one used for along the coastline. By "along the coastline" I do not mean offshore. Rather, I mean a boat suitable to survive the wind and seas if one is boating along the coast and a squall line comes along.

For the Gulf of Mexico coastal waters one of the best designs was the Good Little Ship developed by Commodore R.M. Munroe for shallow draft cruising. "Little" is a relative term since these boats ranged from 35' to 40' LOA. But, they were designed for the typical waters of the Florida coastline.

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

They were seaworthy, safe in the Atlantic as well as the Gulf, and had room above and below deck.

That said, it should be noted that the requirements for day tripping (one comes ashore at night) are different than for cruising (nights spent aboard the boat) and the boats are different in interior layout and size. Yes, some people overnight with a daysailer but they may not be all that comfortable. Likewise, a 24' to 32' boat has more room and is more comfortable, but the boat may have a deeper draft (more water to float) than a 22' to 24' boat. Also, the larger boat is rather expensive (and more work) for use for day tripping (unless that is what is decided as suitable to carry the family safely).

If the search is for a sailboat, one item in the initial selection criteria is the average wind strength in the sailing area. Sailboats are designed for a given wind strength. That is why boats from Northern Europe and the Caribbean do not have as tall a mast (and have a smaller sail area) than boats designed for light wind areas. The information on the average wind strength for an area is available from NOAA and the polar diagram for the boat will give its optimal wind strength criteria.

The sailing waters and the average wind strength affect the wave conditions one will face while boating (power or sail). Shallow water and strong winds lead to short, choppy waves while the same wind strength in deeper waters will result in longer waves. Each type of wave is handled better by certain hull designs and the average wave pattern is a consideration in the type of boat to be acquired.

Hull

In today's market there is a variety of hull options in terms of shape and construction material. The choice of hull option should reflect the best compromise of the predominant use decision, the average wind strength, and the type (and depth) of the waters being sailed upon. Hull options include monohull and multihull. And, for the sailor, within the multi-hull choice there is the twin hull (catamaran) and tri-hull (trimaran) options. There are some catamaran power options these days also, aside from pontoon boats.

No matter the choice of monohull or multihull, the average live load that the boat is expected to carry will impact on the hull design choice. All boats are designed for a live weight load (sailing their lines) and when the weight limit is exceeded the performance of the boat is adversely affected and the added stress on the hull might lead to a shorter working life. In most cases, multihulls are more sensitive to being overloaded than are monohulls. For a sailor, a multihull will give good performance, room, and shallow water capability (with the boards up and the rudders raised for shoal water use) that cannot be found in most monohulls of the same length.

A good starting point for the hull choice is the consideration of the "living" size (how many people will go out on the boat) relative to the overall length of the boat design that reflects the previous criteria. Day boats have a large amount of open area with a little (if

any) covered deck forward. Most non-fishing boats in the 22' to 26' range have a cockpit comfortable for two to four people and a covered cabin area. Once again, predominant use is an important factor in this decision.

A factor in determining the amount of room is the beam of the boat. The wider the beam, the more area will be available. Then there is the consideration of how dry one wishes to be when boating. Some boats are "wetter" than others when moving through the water. The more beam, the more relative comfort and dryness, even though more beam affects the handling characteristics of the boat and may increase the horse power requirement of the engine(s).

I have owned and sailed both catamaran and monohull vessels. The catamarans gave us lots of deck space, shallow water capability, and not much protection from sun, wind, or wave. The catamarans were daysailers (two were racing boats) and were used as such. One monohull had a cabin (would sleep two comfortably), head, medium-sized cockpit, and a keel with a draft of 4'. It was a much dryer boat under sail but restricted our sailing to the deeper waters in our area. Our power boats gave us the same trade-offs. The 16' runabout had speed (40 knots) and could carry four people comfortably (forget an overnight stay on it). Our Sisu 22 had shallow draft (22") and room to "rough it" overnight and could be trailered. Our current Sisu 26 needs about 3' of water to float properly, is relatively slow (6 knots or so), but has room below for two berths, a port-a-pottie, etc.

Sailing Rig

If your friend elects the sail option for his boat it can have one of several types of sailing rigs. The sailing rig chosen by the designer should not be modified. Hence, one needs to find a hull and rig combination suitable for the desired use. The common sailing rigs are the cat, the sloop, the cutter, the ketch, and the yawl. Each has its good and bad points (and stalwart champions). In brief, the cat is a single mast and sail set near the bow, the sloop has the mast about one-third back from the bow and carries a main and jib, the cutter has the mast between one-third and one-half back from the bow and carries a main and jibs, the ketch has two masts with the aft mast (mizzen) set in front of the rudder post, and the yawl has two masts with the aft mast (mizzen) set aft the rudder post. There are variations on the above choices (i.e., the cat ketch).

The choice of the boat's sailing rig should relate to the number of people using the boat. The usual mainsail and jib combination (sloop rig) found on most stock boats can require two people to raise and lower sails on any but a small daysailer. And the larger the jib, the more work to raise, trim, and lower that sail. However, the larger the jib, in this combination, more upwind sailing performance is available. Unless the person wants to do some serious racing, has found the local wind pattern will require a lot of upwind sailing to get anywhere, or has a number of regular crew available, I would suggest either a cat rig or a cat ketch rig. The cat rig provides a single sail to raise, control, and lower. The cat ketch rig has two sails, both controllable from the cockpit.

For the more athletic, the sloop or cutter rig will give a variety of headsail combinations, including a spinnaker. But someone has to go forward to change sails and a cou-

ple of winches will probably be needed to control the headsail in use. A roller furling jib is a nice compromise for the sloop or cutter rig, but they have their own problems.

Each of the sail choices has additional considerations in terms of how the mast (or masts) is held in place. A cat rig may (or may not) have shrouds and a forestay. All the other choices have shrouds, a forestay, and some type of backstay arrangement to hold the mast in its proper position when under load (and when the sails are down). This bracing system is called the standing rigging. That which controls the sail(s) (raising and trimming) is called the running rigging. The more rigging involved, the more maintenance for problems. Keeping the rig simple might be a consideration of importance to those sailing the boat.

There is also, for those into tradition, the gaff rig for a sailboat. This is a low aspect rig and has its own admirers. The rig is found on traditional catboats, some sloops and schooners, and was used by those in the commercial world because of its power under most wind conditions. However, the rig is not as efficient for upwind sailing as is the conventional Marconi rig. But remember, at one time the gaff was the conventional rig and the Marconi was the experimental, non-conventional suit of sails.

Power

I have used both inboard, inboard/outboard, and outboard engines and each has advantages. It used to be that any outboard engine suitable for the boat's size had the advantage of ease of removal and repair if something went wrong. The newer 100+hp outboard engines need an engine lift to be moved off the transom and usually cannot be repaired easily on the water. Working on an

inboard in the bilge is never easy and on a lot of boats one finds oneself with no room for the person and the tools.

If the boat has an inboard motor one must then consider whether it will be a gasoline or diesel engine. In most cases, the boat's designer will have indicated the recommended engine type, horsepower, and weight in the specifications. If the engine choice exceeds (or is less than) the engine weight in the designer's calculations, the trim of the boat will be affected and other changes to balance the boat out will be necessary. I put in a more powerful engine in my Sisu 22 and had to shift the fuel tanks and batteries aft to trim out the boat so the cockpit would drain properly. An important consideration with any inboard engine is that all parts of the engine are accessible without removing more than the engine hatch to get to that part of the engine.

Storage

Where to keep the boat may be one of the most confounding issues. The national boating press carries stories of marinas being closed or converted to non-public use. Carrying the boat on a trailer, rigging the boat, launching and recovering it can be a major physical undertaking for many people. And a trailerable boat has a beam limitation (road width laws) that affects its comfort and handling characteristics. In some places the boat can be stored on a suitable trailer and launched when it is to be used. Or it can be in "dry storage" and be available (for a fee) when needed. Storing the boat on a trailer or in dry storage is not inexpensive, but it is less costly than paying dockage fees and doing the annual bottom paint renewal.

Some coastal areas have harbors with moorings. The mooring lets the owner have

the boat on the water, ready to go, without the expense of dockage fees as a mooring fee is usually less money. However, the mooring option requires a means to get to the boat from the shore (marina launch or separate dinghy) with associated problems (getting the people and gear to the moored boat).

Cost Considerations

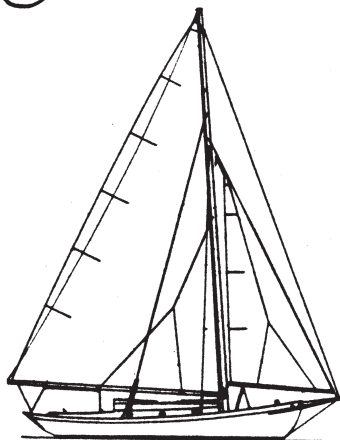
The final consideration is affordability in terms of purchase price, maintenance, and operational costs. The initial cost to acquire a new or used boat may be affordable. But there is the monthly/annual cost to maintain the boat, the sails or motor (if a powerboat), and other gear (including trailer if such is used). The operational costs may be fairly low, however, maintenance is something that should not be neglected and can be a constant financial drain on the pocketbook.

Conclusion

OK, I have listed some major considerations (and qualifier items) to be reviewed before one should acquire a boat. From my experiences, why they want a boat, where they use the boat, and where they keep the boat are near the top in terms of user convenience and satisfaction. If the hull type and power option match the intended use and boating area and there is a place to keep the boat, the actual style of boat is not that critical. They need to go out on other people's boats and see what they like (and dislike) about each. A boat is a major investment of money (and time eventually) and should be a rewarding experience. One should not rush into the world of boating. The person asking the initial question needs to take the time to seriously consider whether or not boating is for them and then what type of boat is suitable for their needs.

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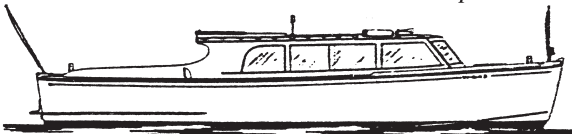


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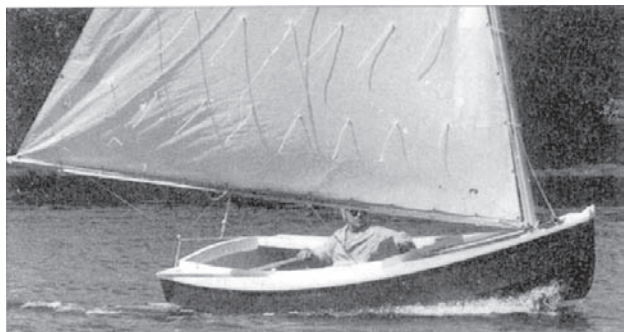
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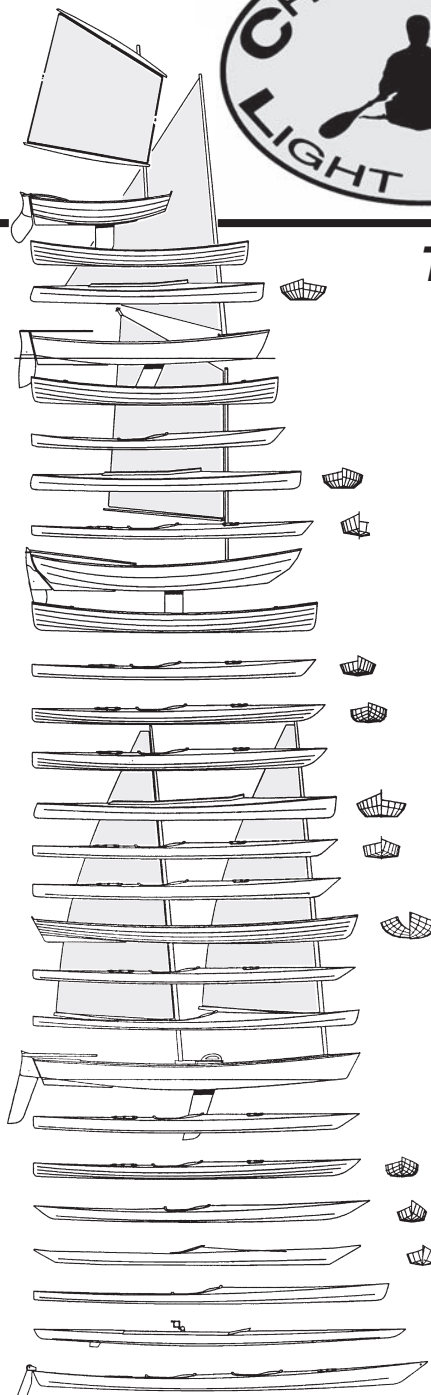
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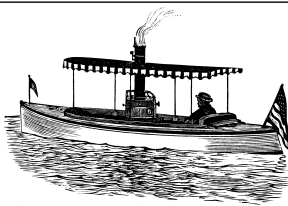
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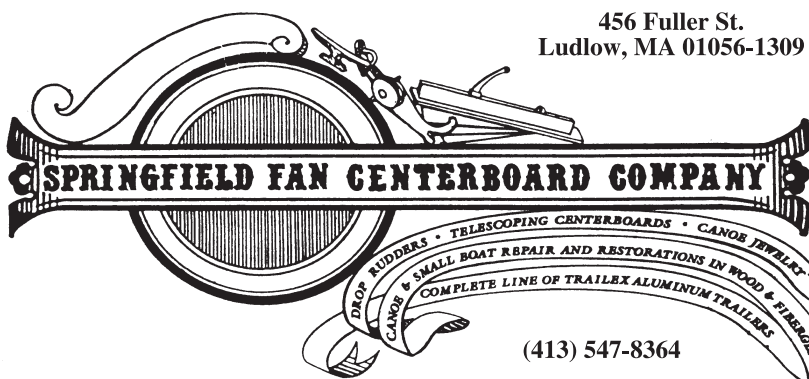
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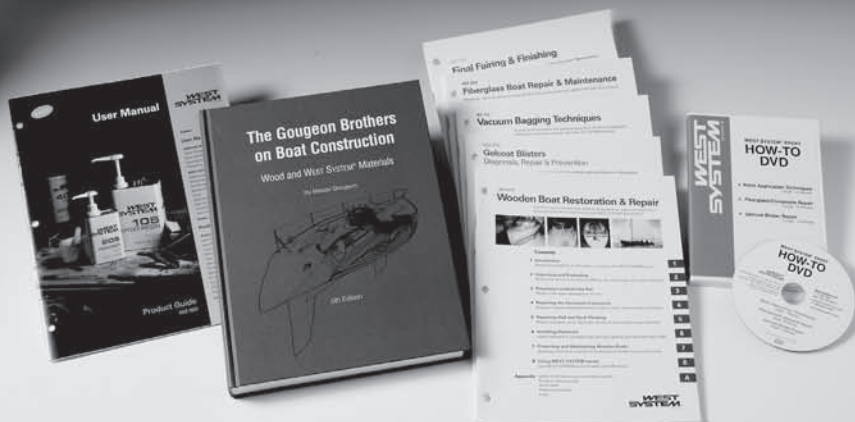
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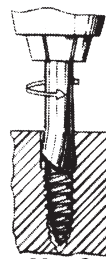
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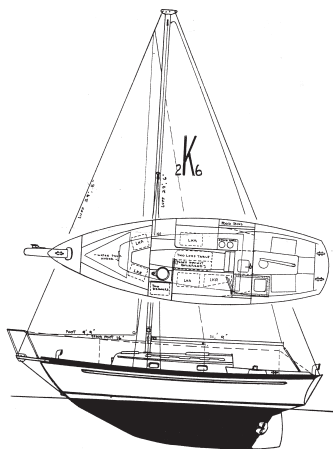
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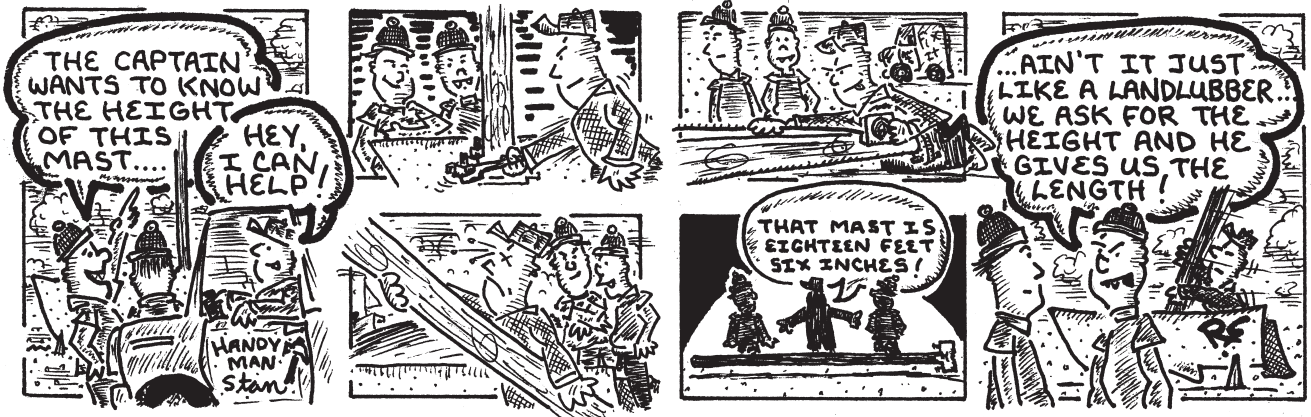
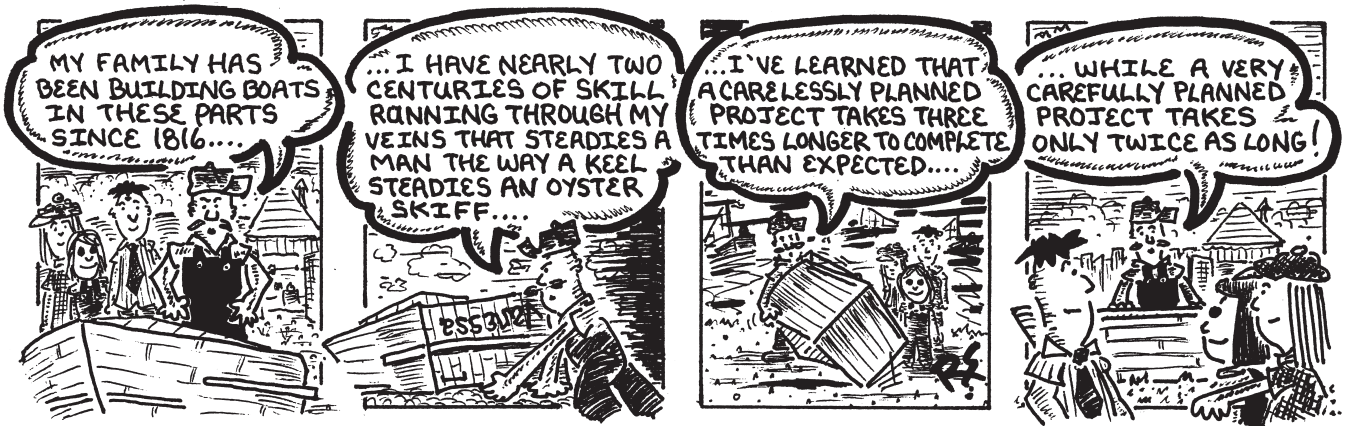


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Mar 9-11 Canoecopia, Madison, WI
Mar 22-25 Mt Dora Antique and Classic, Mt Dora, FL

To: guideboat@together.net
From: Marty Cooperman
Subject: re: another jaunt on Lake Erie

David,

As to your question, "would Edie be up for another similar adventure?" Edie doesn't like it when the boat gets yanked around by confused waves, and frankly I don't like it that much either, but in a different way. To her it's scary since she's not that used to open waters and questions like "is this safe?" have to be answered by me. She's not got comparable experience. To me it's uncomfortable - the rowing gets goofy as I catch an occasional oar, find my cadence messed up, and realize we're spending as much time going up and down as forward, etc. but I can see what the boat's doing and measure that against other experiences. I'm comfortable as long as it's not taking on much water - the first sign that we're getting into trouble. All we were doing was bailing out a few scoopfuls with a Clorox bailer. We never had to resort to a bucket. To Edie, used to the safety of land, heading in to a beach looks appealing. To me, a beach landing is far more risky than carrying on a safe distance from shore until we reach a good harbor. I'm not sure that the guideboat was designed to handle surf conditions. The only time I've declined to join local sea kayakers out in Lake Erie is when they took their river/squirt boats out in 5 - 7' waves to play in the near shore surf. That's where the guideboat really might swamp and capsize. So, yes, Edie said she will continue to go out with me and hopefully gain confidence that the boat will take care of us. At day's end she said she was horrified at the waves but amazed that such a small boat could handle them so well. Me too. Thanks for building a great boat.

Marty



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